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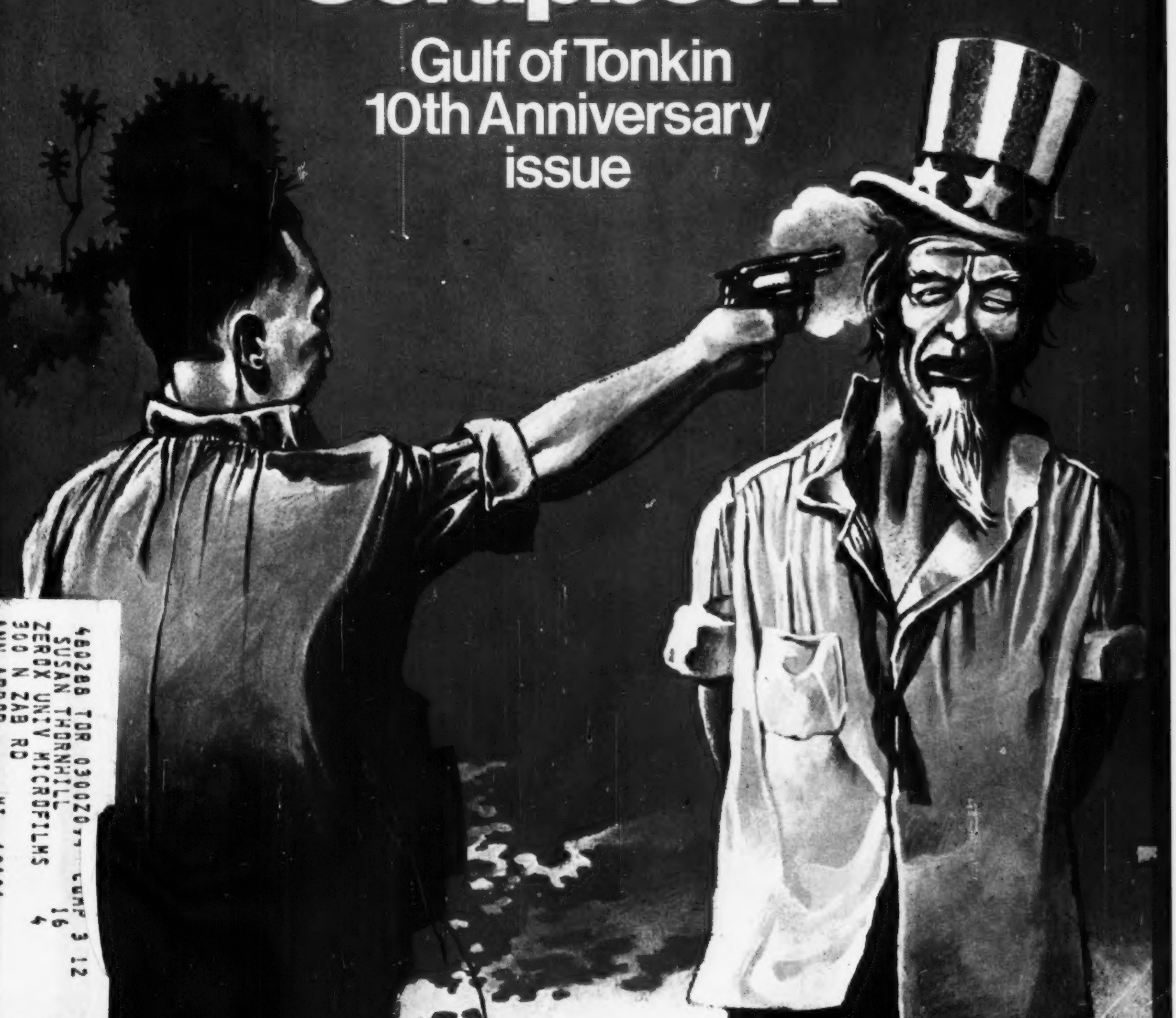
NEW TIMES

Vietnam Scrapbook

Gulf of Tonkin
10th Anniversary
issue



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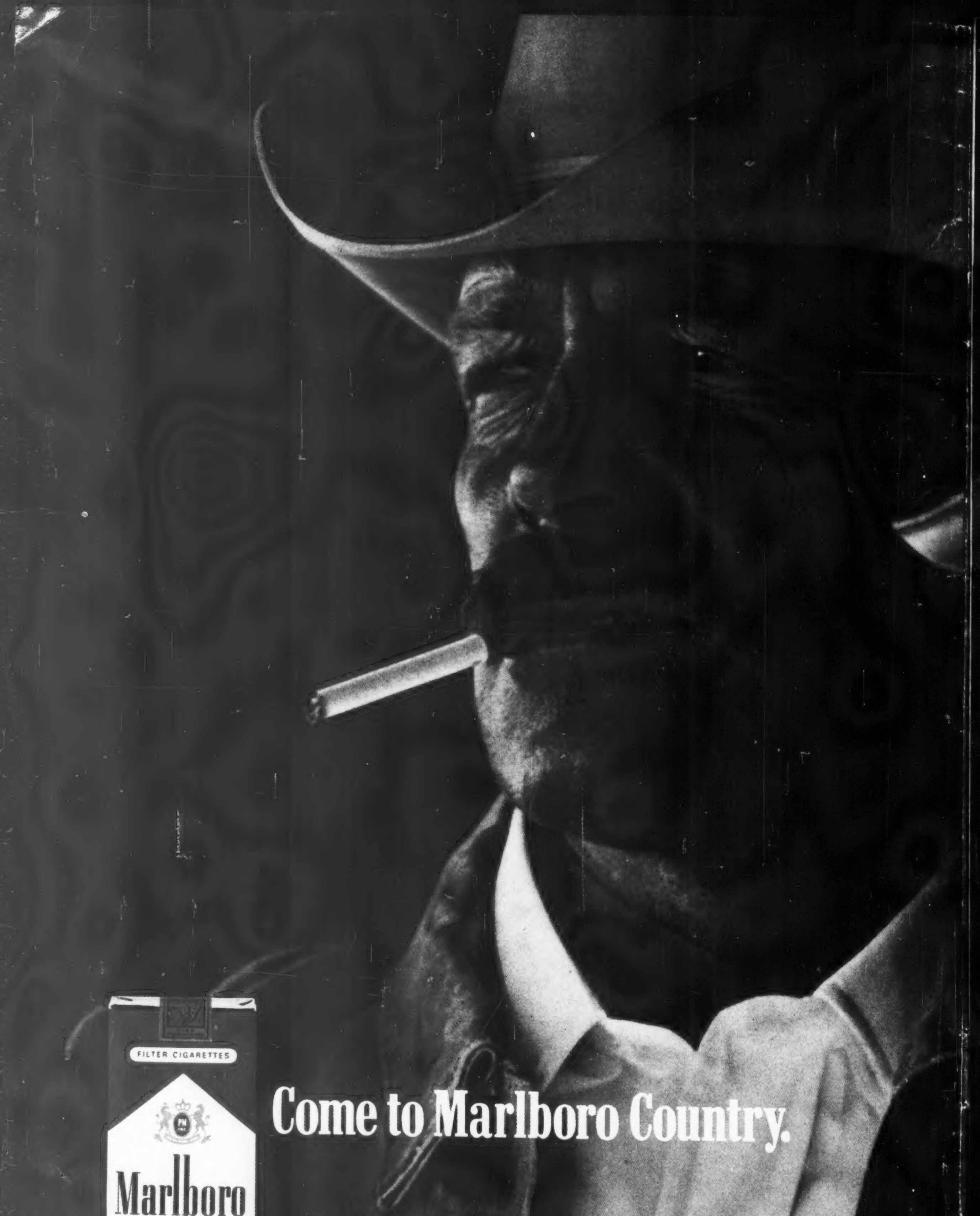
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Vietnam Scrapbook

"If we must fight, we will fight. You will kill ten of our men, but we will kill one of yours. And in the end it is you that will tire."

Ho Chi Minh to the French—1946

NEW TIMES, August 8, 1974, Volume 3, Number 3

Dedication: Wayne Morse and Ernest Gruening **By Harry Stein** 12

Vietnam through a time warp *Our longest war was spent counting "wake-ups," pinpointing "peak killing hours" and speeding up "pacification programs"* **By Kevin Buckley** 14

Vietnam Scrapbook 25

Making connections *It was a very short road between Vietnam and Watergate, as the soldier who exposed My Lai has come to understand* **By Ronald Ridenhour** 28

Honor Roll 31

Voices from Vietnam 32

Our longest war *The Vietnam War made the cover of* Time *magazine 66 times in the last 24 years—more than enough to fill a year's subscription* 34

Vietnam Quiz *Ellsberg risked jail for your right to know. How much do you?* 36

How we lost the war and won the peace *A member of the class that entered college just before the abdication of LBJ and graduated just after the release of the Pentagon Papers tries to recall what he and some friends did for four long years* **By Frank Rich** 40

The Third Indochina War *First the French, then the Americans and now the Americans again—covertly* 53

Soldiers of misfortune *Vietnam was the first American war from which soldiers returned to say they were glad we lost* **By Gloria Emerson** 54

Bringing it all back home *When war hero Kenny Kays came back from Vietnam, he moved into a trailer, smoked marijuana and then they took him away* **By Harper Barnes** 58

Behind the scenes at NEW TIMES Page 4
SLOW DOWN page 6
THE INSIDER page 8

REVIEWS:
Movies: *Duddy Kravitz* page 60
Books: Vietnam fiction page 63

FINAL TRIBUTE:
The general's last battle
By Franklin Ashley
page 68

COVER ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL GROSS

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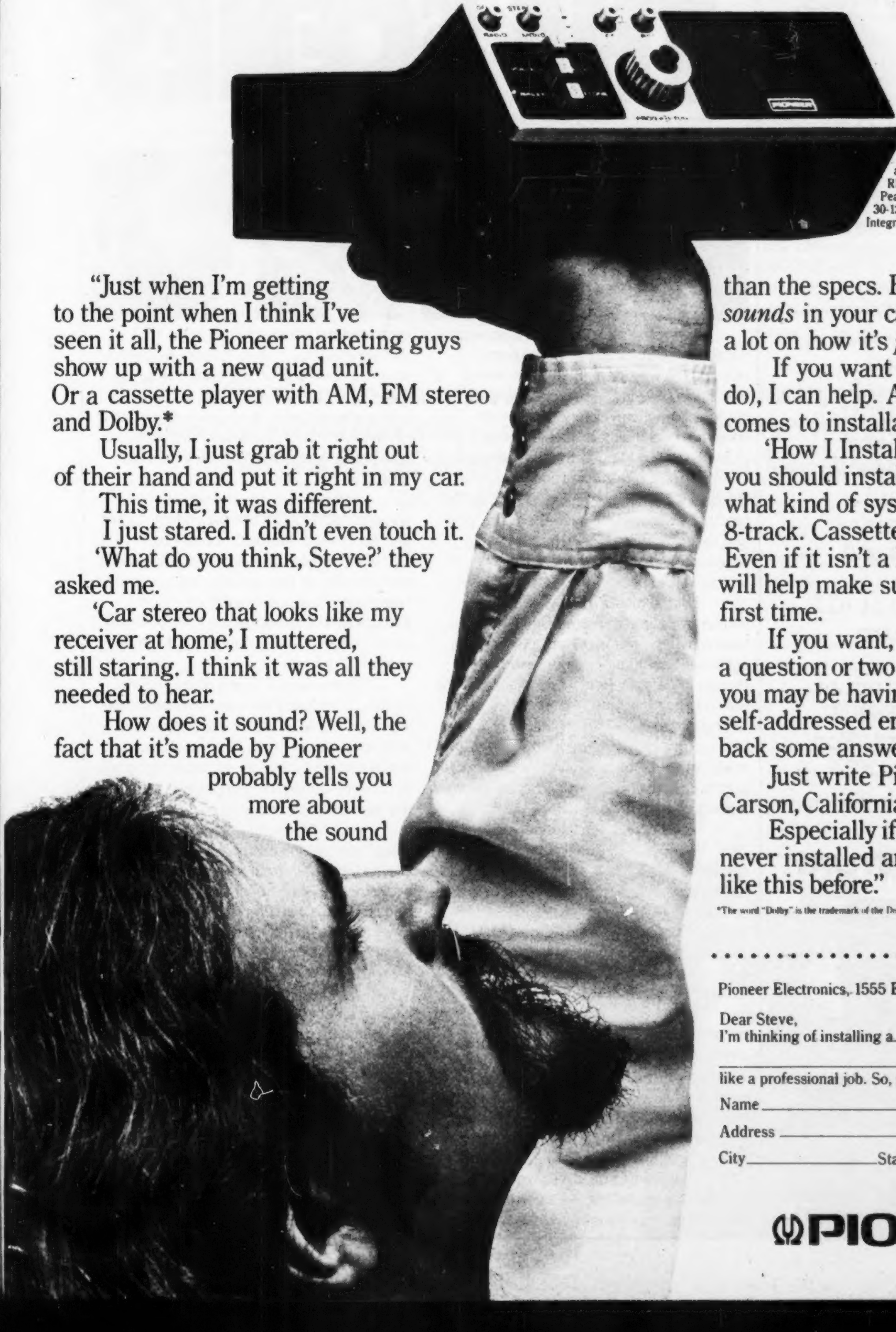
"I never installed anything like this before."

—Steve Tillack, installation expert.



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BEHIND THE SCENES

GLORIA EMERSON

KEVIN BUCKLEY

TOBIAS WOLFF

RONALD RIDENHOUR

Ten years ago this week, Congress passed the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, opening the way for a much larger war in Indochina and—in retrospect—changing the course of American history for a decade. The anniversary of that date seems as fitting an occasion as any to publish a commemorative Vietnam issue, one that will hopefully serve as a memory jog not only of the war but of the fact that it goes on. "Cease-fire" and "post-war reconstruction" are simply the most recent phrases to add to the volume of Vietnam Newspeak.

For the most part, this issue was written by people who are themselves veterans of the war, either as journalists or soldiers. Ron Ridenhour has been both. A Ranger in Vietnam, Ridenhour returned to the States to expose the scandal of My Lai by writing letters to Congress. Later, as a free-lance journalist, he returned to Vietnam, and to My Lai itself. The morality of that massacre and its cover-up, Ron argues, foreshadowed Watergate.

Tobias Wolff, the younger brother of NEW TIMES book reviewer, Geoffrey Wolff, served in Vietnam in the Special Forces and just finished a novel on the war. In the review section, Wolff explores the difficulties of writing Vietnam War fiction and happily discovers that many writers have managed, in spite of those problems, to write some excellent fiction.

Kevin Buckley, a former *Newsweek* bureau chief in Saigon, studied at Harvard as a Nieman Fellow upon his return, and is now finishing a novel "about Americans and their wars in and around Saigon." In this issue, through a series of kaleidoscopic images, Buckley puts Vietnam in its own very special time capsule.

Gloria Emerson is also writing a book about the Vietnam War. As a correspondent for the New York *Times* in Saigon, she portrayed the effects of the war on the Vietnamese people as eloquently as anyone who has covered it. In her book she is studying the effects of the war back home, both on the veterans themselves, the subject of her NEW TIMES article, and on the citizens who simply watched it from their television sets.

Veterans are also the subject of a piece by NEW TIMES correspondent Harper Barnes. A writer for the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*, Barnes came across a wire-service story on Viet vet Kenny Kays, and decided to seek Kays out for a longer story. "I just thought what was happening to Kays was a paradigm of what was happening to other veterans," he said.

There were veterans of the war in Vietnam, and then there were veterans of the war at home. NEW TIMES associate editor and film reviewer Frank Rich recalls what it was like going to college—or rather, not going to college—during the campus war years of the late 1960s and early 1970s.

A Gulf of Tonkin anniversary issue would not be thinkable without mentioning Wayne Morse. Unfortunately, just as we were wrapping the issue up for the printer—with nods to Morse scattered throughout—the news came over the radio that he had died. NEW TIMES associate editor Harry Stein, who had profiled Morse in Oregon just over a month ago (issue of June 28), sat down and wrote a eulogy to the man who, more clearly than any other, saw the writing on the wall and from then on never wavered in his conviction.

George A. Hirsch

There's more to Mike Oldfield than "Tubular Bells."

English-born Mike Oldfield was a precocious child prodigy, playing and recording professionally by the time he was fourteen years old when he and his sister were known as Sallyangie. Mike quickly outgrew that and formed his own band, Barefeet. Via that short-lived group, he joined a more established band, The Whole World, and won great critical acclaim for his instrumental contributions to their two albums, "Shooting the Moon" and "Whatevershebringswesing."

Towards the end of his involvement with The Whole World, he began composing music which would become the embryonic form of his first major solo recording, "Tubular Bells."

Oldfield made a demo tape which failed to arouse any recording company interest until Virgin Records listened, signed him and funded his recording project.

At the age of nineteen, Oldfield was virtually a resident of the Manor Recording Studio in England. He slept in its offices and utilized the studio whenever it was free. The scope of the piece was so immense it required nine months to complete. In all, "Tubular Bells" required 274 overdubs and approximately 2,000 "drop-ins." In addition to composing the piece, Mike plays all of the instruments on the album including piano, glokenspiel, organ, bass, guitar, tympani, percussion and flageolet.

The response to both the album and Mike Oldfield has ranged from enthusiastic to ecstatic from critics and audiences:

"I can see a time when the name Oldfield will become synonymous with a whole original concept in contemporary music."
New Musical Express.

"I think it is obvious to all who have witnessed Oldfield's excursions with a guitar, that he ranks along with Messrs. Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck and Richard Thomson amongst that exclusive legion of master players."
Malcolm Heyhoe, I.T.

"The almost unanimous opinion is that Oldfield's broad awareness of the way rock music can develop has already produced a major breakthrough."
The Times.

Mike Oldfield has recently been voted "Top New Instrumentalist of 1974" by Record World Magazine, and has just completed his new album, "Hergest Ridge," which will be released in late August on Virgin Records and Tapes.

Distributed by Atlantic Records

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Why is ALD 52 not illegal, and where can I get some?

SLOW DOWN

By James S. Kunen

Robert Scully and Nicholas Sands just got their bail reduced from $500,000 cash each, and they'll be out of jail while they appeal their conviction, earlier this year in San Francisco, on charges of manufacturing huge amounts of LSD. I was reading all about it when this paragraph caught my eye:

"The principal defense in the case has been that the drug Mr. Scully said they were packaging was not the illegal chemical compound LSD 25, but a similar hallucinogenic, ALD 52, that is not illegal."

Naturally, I wondered: WHY IS ALD 52 NOT ILLEGAL, AND WHERE CAN I GET SOME?

Michael Kennedy, Sands' and Scully's defense lawyer, explains that ALD 52, 1-acetyl lysergic acid diethylamide, is chemically the same as LSD 25, except that it has an acetyl group attached to it, which makes all the difference, legally.

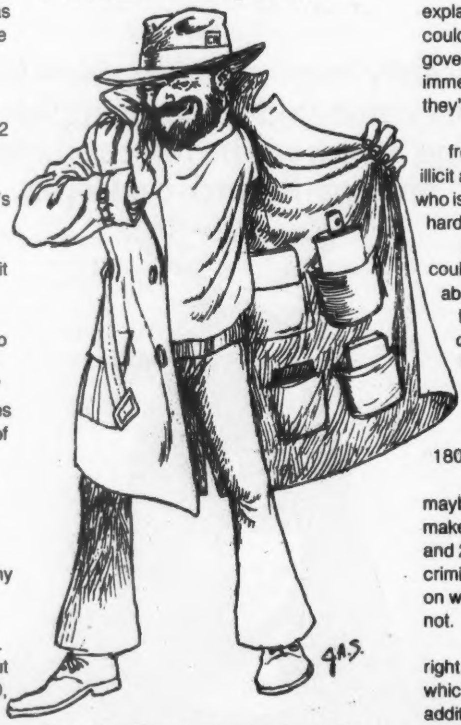
It seems that the government used to see its convictions overturned because the drug laws were "unconstitutionally vague," proscribing general categories of substances like "narcotics." So, the Drug Control Act of 1970 includes "grocery lists" defining in precise chemical terms what is illegal. Any substance which is neither on the list nor synthesized from anything on the list is A.O.K.

In that case, I asked Mr. Kennedy, why don't I see people vending ALD 52 in the street?

"You may and not know it," he said. "My clients made several million hits of it. But they weren't advertising the fact it was ALD, because then the Drug Enforcement Administration would have moved to add it to the Schedule of Controlled Substances." The plan was to keep the product's legality a secret to fall back on in case they were busted, thus keeping "one step ahead of the law," as Scully ingenuously testified.

The trouble is that ALD 52 can easily break down into LSD, and nothing is more likely to cause this than the process of testing it to see if it *is* LSD. This, the defense maintained, is what must have happened to the sample which Scully volunteered to the court. The jury did not agree. Sands got 15 years, Scully 20.

Still, ALD 52 *is* legal, but it's not likely to remain so. LSD itself was—lest we forget—legal under federal law until 1965. For some years after that it was at least available to medical researchers, who found it promising in the treatment of alcoholics, schizophrenics, autistic children and terminal cancer patients, but the government has since virtually cut it off altogether. LSD is, after all, every bit as damaging to chromosomes as coffee is, and one experimenter succeeded in killing an elephant with 297,000 micrograms (990 times the typical human dosage).



Every new hallucinogen discovered is soon made illegal. It kind of makes you wonder if the government is more concerned with outlawing certain drugs, or a certain consciousness.

Consciousness, Michael Metzger, a nationally known drug attorney, says.

"It's obvious that the law is political in nature. If it rested on scientific or medical reason, alcohol would be proscribed and marijuana not. Marijuana is illegal because it's associated—falsely—with a certain way of life."

"The government is saying, 'Thou shalt not get high on anything other than what we've been getting high on,' " Metzger explains. Once a rumor went around that you could get off on a certain kind of sagebrush; government agents descended on the area immediately. "If it would make you feel good, they'd make it illegal."

"All deaths that occur from drugs are because they're illicit and underground," continues Metzger, who is so angry about the situation he finds it hard to talk about, "because that precludes any quality control. The government could be the greatest source of information about dangerous drugs. But there never has been a single public announcement of the antidote for a heroin overdose—Naline, which you could get from any doctor for a buck. But you do see all kinds of things about the 'dangers' of marijuana. Everything that's done is 180 degrees away from where it should be."

Mr. Metzger got me thinking that maybe it's not blind justice after all that makes about 1,000,000 who've taken acid and 26,000,000 who've smoked marijuana criminals. If I can believe him, it all depends on who's in power, what's okay and what's not.

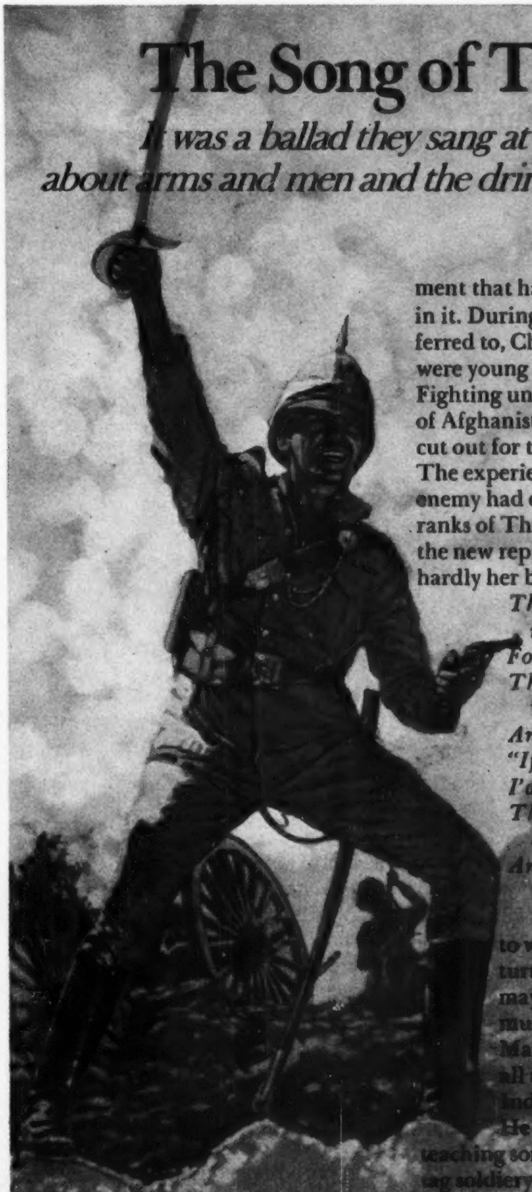
If *I* were attorney general, and I did it right, I'd make a Controlled Substances list which would outlaw things like chemical food additives, which subject the public to *involuntary* and unnecessary risk. But, probably, absolute power doing what it does absolutely, I'd end up prohibiting substances I associated with a consciousness *I* don't like, and before you know it, Hi Karate aftershave would be going for $50 a bottle on the street. It would be a crime to possess, make, sell or transfer Ultra Brite toothpaste. Penalties, of course, would be mandatory and draconian.

It almost makes you think people should be able to do what they want with their own bodies. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY JOS. A. SMITH

The Song of The Sergeant Major.

It was a ballad they sang at the Rangoon Racquet Club (G.O.), about arms and men and the drink born there in the sunset of the Empire.



The Rangoon Racquet Club (G.O.), that makeshift institution, seems to have traveled about with its membership from Burma to the Northern Frontier during the troubles of the '80's.

As every British schoolboy used to know, it was one of the Club's members, Sir John Tripp Chaput, who in the heat of battle said: "Give me one Sergeant Major and I shall win the war."

However, an army's drinking songs often bear better witness than the historians. In attempting to compile our own *Collected Ballads of the Rangoon Racquet Club*, we were not surprised to run across one fragment that has the actual quotation in it. During the engagement referred to, Chaput and his cohorts were young Officers of the Line. Fighting under the glowering crags of Afghanistan, they had their work cut out for them—just to stay alive. The experienced and determined enemy had quickly thinned the ranks of The Queen's troops; and the new replacements sent up were hardly her best. As the song goes:

They sent us babes from
mothers' arms
For men there were no more.
The Afghans cheered to see
'em come
And Captain Chaput swore:
"If I had a Sergeant Major
I'd win this bloody war!"
The Afghans raised their
carving knives
And loosed their battle-
roar...

This fragment led us to want to know more. We turned up the story (which may be apocryphal) of a much-decorated Sergeant Major who "could curse in all the twenty tongues of India including English." He was thus capable of teaching some discipline to the ragtag soldiery, Native and British.

This was the same Sergeant Major who invented the drink that today bears his name. And he vowed he would share the formula with no man. (The one time he shared it—with a woman—is another story.)

So it was that Chaput and his brother officers arranged to detain this irreplaceable walking recipe back at the Club, out of harm's way.

That decision, foolish as it sounds, may have won the war. In the actual battle, Chaput regretted it and remarked, "If I had a Sergeant Major..." etc.

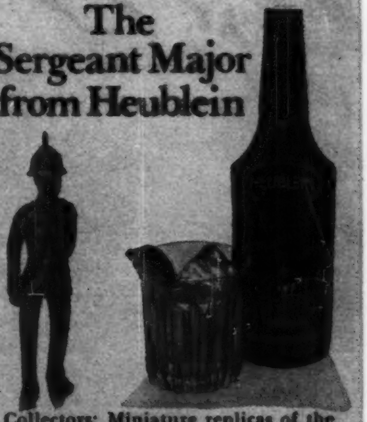
A private, crouching behind a rock nearby, heard and misunderstood, thinking his Captain wanted a drink. He scrambled to his feet and dashed off in a hail of rifle-fire, returning in minutes to hand over a brimful canteen.

The enemy, mistaking this stupid act for heroism, slackened their fire and wavered. Chaput seized the moment and called out, "Sound the charge!" His Company leapt to the attack. The entire Regiment took heart. As it was sung thereafter at the Club:

The foam was on the
Afghan beards,
The blood was in their eye
But we tucked 'em in quite
peacefully
Before the moon was high.
So we'll hoist a Sergeant
Major
And if any man ask why,
Let him ask five hundred
Afghans
At the roll call in the sky!

We'll be pleased to share the Sergeant Major, the drink, with you. (The recipe we prefer to keep to ourselves.) It's tart, crisp, and lively as rifle-fire. And simply wizard when you're swapping old war stories with your friends.

The Sergeant Major from Heublein



Collectors: Miniature replicas of the Sergeant Major are available from Valiant Miniatures, P. O. Box 994, Skokie, Ill. 60076

Heublein Sergeant Major, 48 Proof. Made with London Dry Gin and Natural flavors. © 1974. Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. 06101

Can Kennedy stonewall Chappaquiddick?
The CIA loses its control of White House intelligence
Sinatra reviews Cybill Shepherd's new album

THE INSIDER

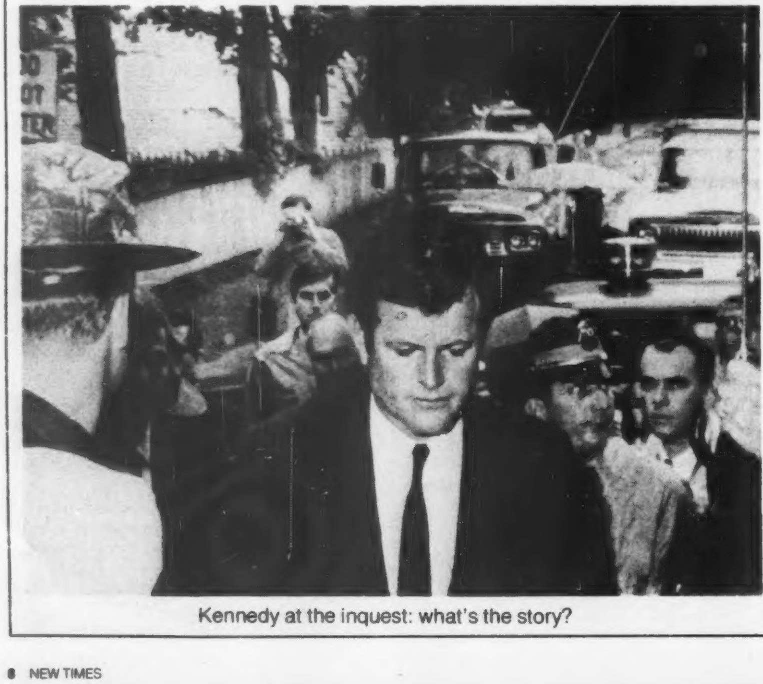
POWER POLITICS

Chappaquiddick revisited

The Kennedy camp is in a state akin to severe shock over the recent Sunday *New York Times Magazine* article by Robert Sherrill on Chappaquiddick. Sherrill, in his customary thorough style, went back over all the evidence, laying out all the gapingly large questions Kennedy has yet to answer and then some—like, was he even in the car?

Kennedy aides, who regard the piece somewhat paranoiacally as a policy statement by the *Times*, are now trying to assess how bad the damage is. Columnists like Max Lerner have already picked up on the piece and the *Times* has received an unusually large number of letters on the piece (three to one supporting the article and most making a connection with Watergate). There is no way of denying now that Chappaquiddick is very much back on Kennedy's back.

In the climate of Watergate, the obvious P.R. advice is to come clean on exactly what happened. But, as one former Kennedy staffer put it, pointing out that Kennedy has already testified under oath before an inquest, "If he comes clean, he would have to perjure himself."


UPI

Kennedy at the inquest: what's the story?

CIA on the outs

The Central Intelligence Agency has lost its domination over the nation's intelligence estimates in recent months, according to White House and agency sources. For years, the CIA has had the sole responsibility for preparing the President's daily intelligence digest. Other intelligence agencies had to scramble to get their views into the digest. Now, however, the intelligence report is being prepared by the National Security Agency and reflects differences of opinion within the intelligence community. The change was made under orders from Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and stems directly from the CIA's failure to predict last year's Yom Kippur War in the Mideast. Old CIA hands, say agency insiders, are blaming CIA chief William Colby for not fighting harder to keep the digest in agency hands.

WIDE WORLD

Colby: not a fighter

Nixon "friends" and then some

Virginia may still be Nixon Country and Richmond one of the most conservative cities in the United States, but even in the former capital of the Confederacy Richard Nixon's "friends" are less than meets the eye—or at least than met the eyes of readers of a June 23 advertisement in the Richmond *News Leader*.

The ad, supposedly signed by "People tired of seeing our President persecuted by the media and private individuals in the legislature," included a clip-out coupon telling Nixon, "You stood tall for me when I needed you. I

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")

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EVE QUELER

HOME: New York, N.Y.

AGE: 37

PROFESSION: Conductor

HOBBIES: Playing the piano; attending concerts.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: Dante's "Divine Comedy"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Recently conducted the Opera Orchestra of New York at Carnegie Hall in Bizet's "Pearl Fishers," receiving raves from New York music critics.

QUOTE: "I think all young American conductors should have the opportunity to come up the way many European conductors have—through opera. It gives you fantastic background and absolute mastery of your materials."

PROFILE: Vigorous. Chic. Exciting. Conducts with a sure command of her music and her musicians.

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"White Label"
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John Dewar & Sons Ltd
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Authentic. **There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop go only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.**

Dewar's never varies.

stand tall for you now that you need me."

The only problem was that a large number of local people whose names were on the ad—including two state legislators, Richmond's chief of police *and* his secretary, a former lieutenant-governor, a state corporation commissioner and two local judges—said they had never endorsed it. All told, some 100 unauthorized names were used, not to mention two men who have been dead for over a year.

George N. DuMas, the former Richmonder who coordinates the national "The President's Friends" group from a barbershop pay phone in Savannah, Georgia, and James A. Lockett, his local advertising agent, both called the ad an honest mistake. State Democratic Party Chairman Joseph Fitzpatrick was less charitable. He labeled the ad "improper, misleading and fraudulent," and called for an investigation by the U.S. district attorney and the Richmond Commonwealth's attorney.

V.A. director for hire

The troubled Veterans Administration is having problems finding a new administrator. According to Capitol Hill and White House sources, the Nixon administration has offered the job to at least four prominent men and has been turned down each time. The four were former Colorado Senator Gordon Allott, Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, Texas Congressman Olin Teague and former Gerald Ford aide Kenneth Belceu. All except Teague have confirmed that they turned down the V.A. post. According to several White House sources, the Administration has spoken with "literally dozens of people about the job" and "every single one has indicated he would not accept it if offered." The scandal-plagued V.A. has been without an administrator since the spring, when Donald E. Johnston was forced out of office.

UPI

Tindemans: not impressed

Winners and losers

A private analysis on the upcoming Senatorial races, commissioned by the Democratic National Committee, concludes that three Democratic incumbents are in serious trouble: Birch Bayh of Indiana, Mike Gravel of Alaska and George McGovern in South Dakota. On the Republican side, the report advises, Democrats should forget about wasting any money opposing Charles Mathias in Maryland, Jacob Javits in New York and Barry Goldwater in Arizona—those three have it wrapped up already.

Crime doesn't pay

WIDE WORLD

Herbert Kalmbach, Nixon's one-time private attorney, says he never got paid one cent for all the legal work he did for the President.

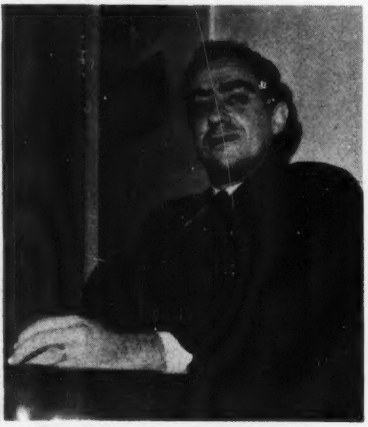
Nixon wowed 'em in Europe

After meeting with President Nixon in Brussels, Belgian Prime Minister Leo Tindemans came away with the not so surprising impression that the American President is not too bright. Tindemans had spent half an hour talking with Henry Kissinger, who had been his professor at Harvard, when Nixon walked in and began to talk about "the Southern Flank" and "defending Europe against the Russians from the Mediterranean." Tindemans was appalled. He later told people that Nixon was "boring" and "preachy" and that one didn't have the feeling that one was in the presence of a great mind.

MEDIA

By John Leo

Rolling Stone tries for the grown-ups



WIDE WORLD

Goodwin: has some good leads

Part of *Rolling Stone*'s problem is an inability to raise its readership's average age level, which still hovers at around 21. The crash program to increase political coverage may help. Richard Goodwin, the Kennedy speechwriter, is struggling to set up a *Rolling Stone* Washington bureau, and the struggle is taking place at Hickory Hill, Ethel Kennedy's home loaned to Goodwin for the effort. Prominent Washington reporters are being invited out there to sun themselves by the pool and listen to Goodwin's pitch. One reporter says Goodwin told him that *Rolling Stone* was looking for articles that begin like this: "Hubert Humphrey, addressing the Indiana Women's Clubs today, lied through his teeth." The reporter is said to have responded, "What do you want in the second paragraph?"

The muckraking racket

Hearst's San Francisco *Examiner* is involved in a messy legal battle with Synanon, the nonprofit foundation that rehabilitates alcoholics and drug addicts. The *Examiner* ran an article by reporter Bob Patterson attacking Synanon as "The Racket of the Century." Synanon has retaliated with suits charging libel and criminal conspiracy, alleging that the *Examiner* burglarized Synanon offices, attempted blackmail and carried on a dirty tricks campaign against the foundation.

Synanon is also charging that the reporter, Bob Patterson, a man with a prison record and two aliases, offered through his lawyer to switch sides and testify for Synanon if the price were right. The scandal is expanding, but the *Examiner* is not keeping its readers informed.

Little boxes become littler boxes

Better Homes and Gardens is taking precautions against its possible demise by launching a new magazine, *Apartment Life*. Its studies show that 20 years from now its readership will not be living in better homes, or even worse homes, but in apartments.

Douglas cancels subscription

The highly regarded *Washington Monthly* recently had a little tussle with one of its more famous subscribers: Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. The periodical's July-August issue carries a letter from Douglas canceling his subscription and noting that he finds the *Monthly* "worthless." Why? The accompanying editor's note points out that the magazine received the Douglas letter in May. In April the *Monthly* ran a short review of the justice's *Go East, Young Man*. The review read in part: "How this great hero of all of us who love the First Amendment could have been on the take from the Las Vegas-based Parvin Foundation may be explained by this sentence: 'Leonard Lyons, famous columnist, and his wife, Sylvia, were among the most talented couples I ever knew.' In other words, Douglas wanted to know the celebrities. 'I sometimes went with Lennie on his rounds. He knew all the celebrities, their scandals as well as their other lives. . . .' " The *Monthly* has been running a series on moral myopia. Douglas seems a good candidate for inclusion.

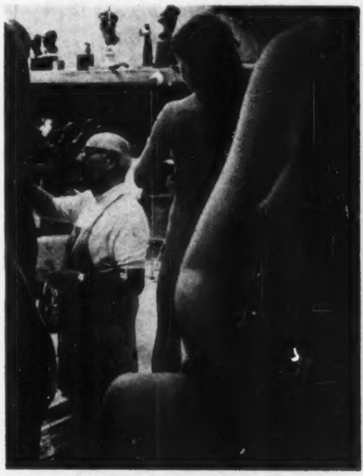
UPI

Douglas: likes celebrities

THE WORD

Trader Vic's raw deal

San Francisco gave us "totally naked college coeds," a "topless mother of eight" and Carol Doda. Bazooms are big business in the City. So is the Chamber of Commerce. And while the Chamber often entertains visiting Lions Club members by taking them down to gawk at the renowned local color, apparently the Chamber feels such visions are definitely off-limits for its own people.



VANO PHOTOGRAPHY

Trader Vic uncensored

Before the Chamber sent out the latest issue of its house magazine, *San Francisco Business*, it assigned three staffers to rip out of each copy a photo spread from a story on Trader Vic and his second lucrative career—sculpting (his annual sculpting income is now in the six figures). The picture in question was of the besmocked Trader, now 72, working in the studio of his friend and teacher Spero Anargyros Alexandra, surrounded by a barely visible live nude model and all too visible nude plaster sculptures.

"I spent two days wondering how to get them out of there," said the Chamber's executive vice president, William Dauer. The "them" are the two carefully sculpted breasts in the picture. Once Dauer did figure it out, it took his three assistants three days to exorcise the offending glands. "We have a subscription list of members who automatically receive the magazine," Dauer said, "and poor taste should not be distributed to subscribers. Nudity is in poor taste."

Needless to say, subscribers wondered about the strange hole in the magazine. They soon found out and started to hound the Trader for private showings of the dirty works. "I'm nobody but a saloon keeper," snapped Vic. "But I've done my goddamnedest to do something for our city and I resent Dauer turning me into a cheap article."

Going down with Marilyn

The grave's a fine and private place,
but none, I think, do there embrace.
—Andrew Marvell
"To His Coy Mistress"

"It wasn't in very good taste," the woman from the Los Angeles *Reporter* said when we called her about the newspaper's ad for a place in the dirt next to Marilyn Monroe, "but it was legit." When we followed up by sending a note to the P.O. box, a mysterious female voice called us back two days later. "The ad is for real. Are you interested in purchasing this or not?"

We were not.

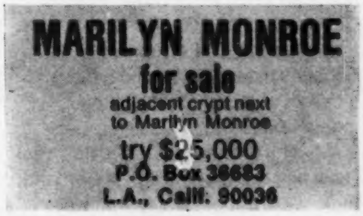
"You see," the voice went on, "I'm doing this for someone who doesn't want to get involved."

We asked her if the crypt was literally adjacent to Marilyn.

"Yes, it's right next to her," the mysterious woman assured us.

Which side? we asked.

"Well, I'd rather not say, but it's not above or below. It's right next to her."



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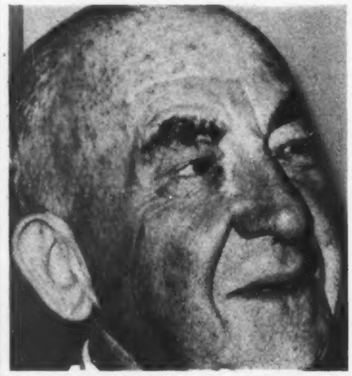
Sinatra on Cybill

The precise wording is unclear, but the sentiment is for certain. When Frank Sinatra received a complimentary copy of Cybill Shepherd's first album, *Cybill Does It To Cole Porter*, along with a gooey note from her promoter/paramour Peter Bogdanovich, the unretiring baritone listened to *both* sides of the LP, then wired Bogdanovich: SOME GUYS WILL DO ANYTHING TO BALL A BROAD.

DEDICATION:

Wayne Morse
Oct. 20, 1900—July 22, 1974

Ernest Gruening
Feb. 6, 1887—June 26, 1974



I suppose that his death shouldn't have come as such a shock. The man was, after all, 73 years old and his opponents had been saying for years that he had no business doing anything but lolling around his farm in Eugene, raising his horses and acting his age.

But somehow, seeing Wayne Morse in action, it was impossible to buy any of it. He had the passion of a seminary full of novice missionaries, and when I spent a week on the campaign trail with him in late May—for what would end up being the last extended interview of his life—he never let up for an instant. He acknowledged that, win or lose, this year's Senate candidacy would be his last, and he damned well wasn't about to make any concessions to those who had him pegged as a has-been.

The tendency to dismiss the old man as unworthy of serious consideration seemed pervasive, at least outside Oregon. Before my own editor finally relented, the notion for a Morse piece had been turned down by the editors of no fewer than three magazines, one of whom told me that he would be interested only if Morse turned out to be wildly—and comically—senile.

Morse wasn't senile, not by a long shot. There were those who found him odd, certainly, but then he had always been that way. Indeed, he prided himself on it. The Senate is a place designed for dispassionate, desperately reasonable men and, whatever might be said of him, Wayne Morse was not a man given to moderation. From his first major vote in 1945, when he bucked his party's leadership to support the nomination of Henry Wallace to the Cabinet, to his acrimonious departure from Washington 24 years later as the Senate's most persistent dove, his was a career of stormy, self-righteous independence.

Nor did he mellow in exile. When I saw him two months ago in Portland, there were certain words that were spoken in his presence only at the risk of inducing a patented Morsean tirade—words like Vietnam, Nixon or Kissinger. At their mention, his brow would invariably furrow, the eyes beneath his unruly brows would darken, his index finger would start jabbing the air and, his voice a rich growl, he would vent his gut.

Of course, it was the rage that made him the unique, refreshing and ultimately invaluable public personality that he was. For thousands of Americans during the dark days of the mid-'60s, Americans who were then being called traitors for their abhorrence of the bloodshed in Asia, Morse was the only true light at the end of the tunnel. He alone among all the representatives of officialdom gave expression to their own sense of moral outrage. In speech after speech, in hearing after hearing, in confrontation after confrontation with amoral smoothies like McNamara, Bundy and Rusk, he spit out the bitter accusations that legions of anonymous protesters themselves dreamed of hurling at the war makers in their most private moments. Nor would Morse ever mince words; "militaristic," "imperialistic" and "criminal" came as easily to him as to the most battle-scarred SDSer.

For most of those who were cheered by Morse then—and I count myself among them—the passion of the '60s gave way in the '70s to a kind of resignation. "We are outnumbered," the feeling seems to be, "and further resistance is futile."

Which is why I found it so strange to discover that Morse's fervor—his optimism, really—was unchecked. Around him, one could not help but feel a sense of emotional deja vu. I asked him about it once, about how it was that he could remain uncynical in the face of incontrovertible evidence that hope was ludicrous. He looked at me intently and said only, "You've gotta keep in mind that I'm a Burkean."

In any case, his hopefulness was contagious. Within three days of meeting him, I had abandoned all pretense of journalistic ethics or objectivity and was toting a huge "Morse For Senate" placard on statewide television. Within a week I had pledged to stage a Morse fund-raiser upon my return to New York.

None of which is meant to imply that Morse was without fault. To the contrary; he was as crotchety a character as any public man could afford to be and—astounding as it may seem, considering he spent nearly 40 years in the limelight—he was never able to brook the slightest criticism with equanimity.

But in the end, of course, Morse's idiosyncrasies matter not at all. The other things, the things that do matter, are the ones that will find their way into the history books. And, if there is justice in the world, the record will be unequivocal; the man was a visionary in a myopic age.

It is one of those intriguing quirks of history that both Morse and Alaska's Ernest Gruening, the only two members of Congress to oppose the Tonkin Gulf Resolution, died within a few weeks of the tenth anniversary of its passage. In general, Morse was a stiffly impersonal man, but when I asked him about Gruening back in May, he visibly softened. "He's a remarkable man," he said. "Very old now, but sharp as ever. And a fighter! Ernest never gave up on anything in his life."

Oddly, Morse seemed totally unaware of the irony in what he was saying, of the fact that he, too, was all of those things. But then, he was never quite able to cast himself in the hero's role. As far as he was concerned, his fanatical opposition to the war—a stance which led inexorably to his political demise—was as inevitable and natural as the rising of the sun. And he would undoubtedly dismiss as foolishly romantic those of us who now seize upon it as evidence that he was among the best men of his time.

— Harry Stein

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Vietnam through a time warp

Our longest war was spent counting "wake-ups," pinpointing "peak killing hours" and speeding up "pacification programs"

By Kevin Buckley

The men had only two things in common. They both had studied at Yale and they both had shaved heads. One was a U.S. Marine Corps colonel, in mufti. He had a white "Y" embroidered on the breast pocket of his sports shirt. The other was a Buddhist monk, wearing saffron robes. They stood somewhat uneasily, the Marine drinking beer from a can and the bonze sipping orange juice, in the middle of Ellsworth Bunker's breezy living room in Saigon, and reminisced about New Haven. All around them other men were also looking back over the years and recalling their days at Yale. The occasion was a meeting, in 1971, of the Yale Club of Saigon. Bunker, a graduate of the class of 1916 and the American ambassador to Saigon, had founded the organization the year before to bring together Yale alumni to talk about old times and to keep the spirit of Yale alive in Vietnam.

Reminiscence was in the air. The Marine told the bonze that he had been at Yale years and years before—"when Christ was a corporal," he said. They had little to talk about but they finally agreed that each knew where Mory's was, and Sterling Library, and that Yale was a very educational place though it was often cold and damp. Conversation among the other guests was somewhat easier. There were a few young Army officers, an admiral, a few foreign service types, CIA analysts, businessmen, an anthropologist with a government contract and a journalist. People compared notes on their various eras at Yale, marveled that their thirtieth, or twenty-fifth, or fifth or tenth reunions were almost at hand and moved gingerly around the subject of the war. It was usually enough just to inquire how long one had been in Vietnam and what sort of work one did there.

After the lobster, Bunker recited anti-Harvard limericks and reminisced about Yale as it had been in his time, back before the U.S. had entered World War I. He also talked about Vietnam. "Some things take time," he said. "We can't expect to graft democracy onto the Vietnamese overnight. Patience is important." Then he led his guests back into his living room, where a surly Army sergeant was setting up a film projector. While Vietnamese waiters moved about with trays of Courvoisier and boxes of Upmanns, Bunker distributed song sheets and drafted an Army captain who had been in the Whiffenpoofs to hum the first note. "We are poor little lambs who have lost our way. . . . For God, for country and for Yale. . . ." The sounds floated out of the ambassador's villa into the Saigon evening from a chorus whose moods ranged from nostalgia to incredulity to disgust and delight.

When everyone had found a chair, the sergeant made a final adjustment on the portable screen, doused the lights and set the projector whirring. The Yale football coach, perched on the Yale fence, his words out of synch with his lips, invited one and all to sit back and enjoy highlights of recent Yale gridiron history.

Again and again, Yale would march down the field and, with surprising regularity, next be seen marching in the other direction with no indication that they had scored. What had happened after Yale was first and goal on Dartmouth's four-yard line? The coach never explained. The "highlights" were studded with opportunities that came to nothing, with promises that were never fulfilled.

"The Army must have edited this film," one guest whispered to another. "It's just like the press briefings—just the good news please."

"Football coaches need patience, too," said another. "And they don't get overtimes if they're losing or if there's a tie."

With the lights on again the talk seeped back, as it always eventually did in Saigon, to debate about the war. Someone spoke approvingly of John Kerry, a Yale alumnus who had recently been leading the Vietnam Veterans Against the War in Washington and who later ran unsuccessfully for Congress from Massachusetts. Bunker dismissed Kerry and the vets, saying that if they knew what he knew they would not be demonstrating. A young Army officer said that if the veterans knew what Bunker wanted them to know they would know the same nonsense that every brainwashed politician who had been given the official briefings had known. Bunker did not pursue the subject.

"I think I'll look into the possibility of the Yale Glee Club stopping off in Saigon on their next international trip," he said.

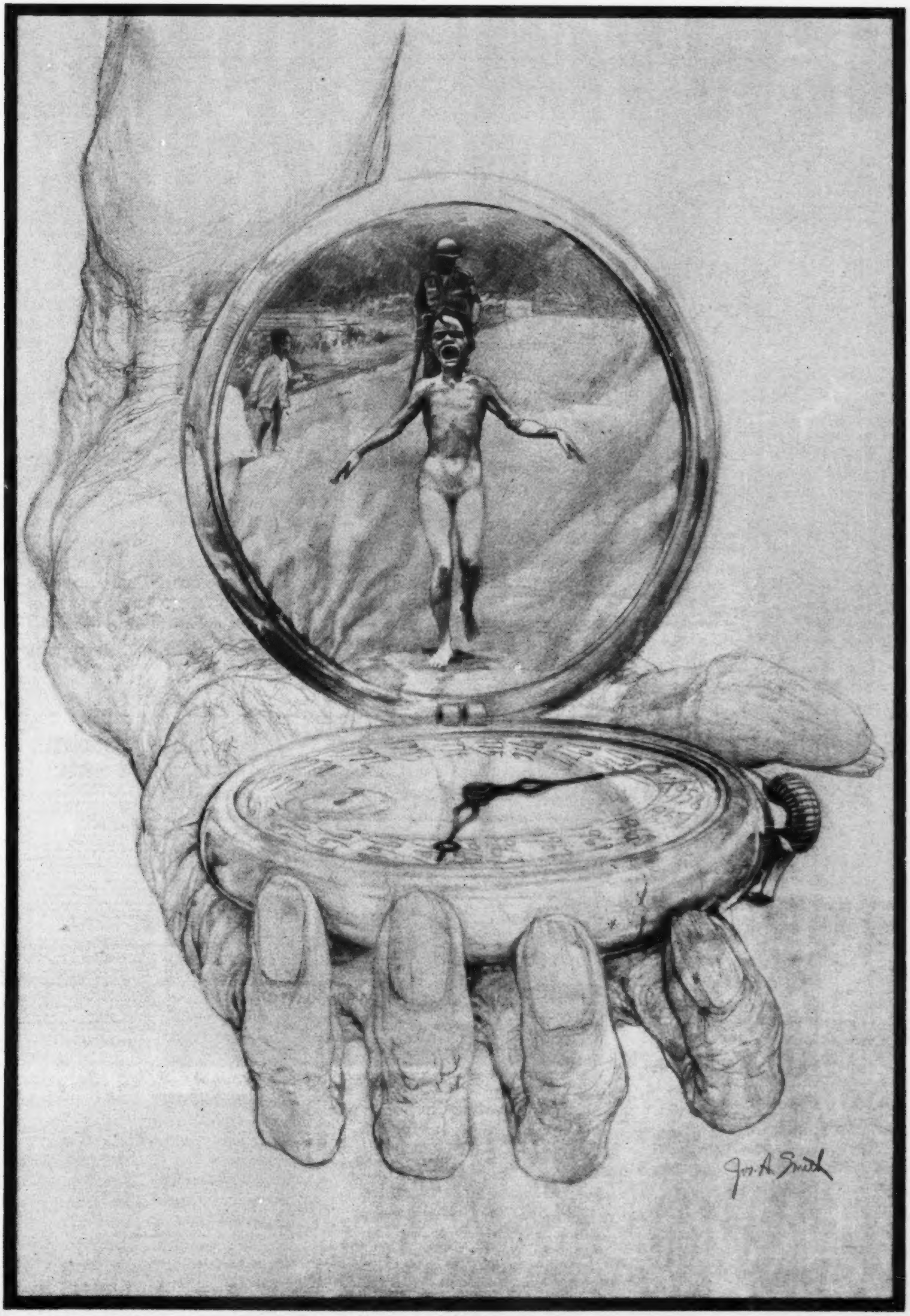
"I don't think that would be permitted, Mr. Ambassador," an Army captain said.

"Why not?" Bunker asked.

"Well, they're students and the government here has announced that no more foreign students can get visas. The last ones demonstrated against Thieu because of the political prisoners."

But everyone remained polite. The evening ended with Bunker returning to his theme of time and patience.

Bunker's age helped give him a sense of time that perhaps made it easier for him to defend American policy. But as



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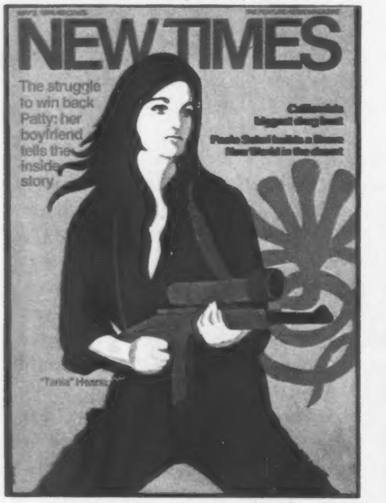
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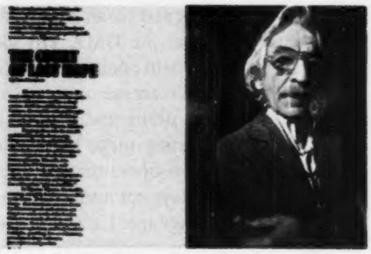

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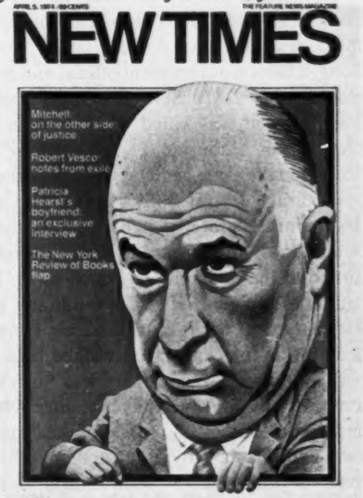
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his patience grew, that of many others, Americans and Vietnamese, ebbed. Time was a variable in Vietnam. I went there as a *Newsweek* reporter early in 1968 and left early in 1972. My time there, which came to seem like an eternity before I left, was only a relatively brief passage in a war that began decades ago and still goes on. As I remember Vietnam and try to make sense out of my experiences, I think often of how important the notion of time was to everyone there—and how much it explains about Vietnam.

Francois Sully, a *Newsweek* correspondent, was killed in February 1971 when a helicopter in which he was riding caught fire due to faulty maintenance. Sully first came to Vietnam with the French army and had been there for 24 years when he was killed. He was buried in the Mac Dinh Chi cemetery in Saigon, not far from the graves of Ngo Dinh Diem and his brother Ngo Dinh Nhu. One of the speakers at the funeral was Nguyen Van Bong, a Saigon government official and an old friend of Sully. Several months later Bong himself was killed when terrorists blew up his limousine. I went to Bong's funeral in the same cemetery and took the opportunity to visit Sully's grave. Just a few months before, it had been on the outer rim of the place and I naively returned to the outer rim to search for it. I couldn't find it and after a few minutes a Vietnamese gravedigger hailed me from deep inside the cemetery. I walked back, perhaps 100 yards, and there was Sully's tomb. In just a few months the outer rim had become almost the center of the cemetery and the majority of the graves in the rows beyond Sully's were military. I kicked away an empty Fresca can someone had left on his grave and went back to Bong's funeral.

In September 1968 I went along with two companies of the First Infantry Division on a sweep through the rubber plantations outside a town called Loc Ninh, now the unofficial capital of the provisional revolutionary government. The day began at 7:00 a.m. and ended around 5:00 p.m., when we returned to the base camp. All day we did nothing but walk— except for a 30-minute interlude which began, with a bang, at exactly 12:00 noon.

Four North Vietnamese soldiers had watched silently as the first company passed through an open area. They apparently thought no one else was coming because they left their bunkers and jumped the rear of the first company. Simultaneously, the second company entered the open area and the ambushers themselves were suddenly caught in a cross fire. Noisy confusion reigned for a few minutes. It appeared that the two American companies might be shooting at each other. Then after a lull, the North Vietnamese opened fire and tried to run for cover. Bark flew off trees and ricocheting tracers wobbled through the branches. The North Vietnamese were in the open and the American troops killed them all with M-16s and M-79 grenade launchers.

Moments later I watched as the American troops emptied the pockets of the dead North Vietnamese. One of them was carrying several sheets of paper carefully folded into a clear plastic waterproof envelope. That night I talked to an intelligence officer who had translated the "captured documents." First he showed me a photograph of a young Vietnamese woman, in profile, her hand outstretched, touching a tree branch. The photo had a dreamy, slightly melancholy aura. The papers were a letter from her to the dead soldier, dated June 1967 from Hanoi. "Ever since you left I have missed you very much. We all hope you are safe and well and we all long for your return, whenever it will be," the letter said. The officer told me that the soldier had made a note that he had received the letter two weeks before, in early September 1968.

Vann used to tell visitors that when the wind blew in from the hills, it often brought him good news—the smell of many rotting bodies

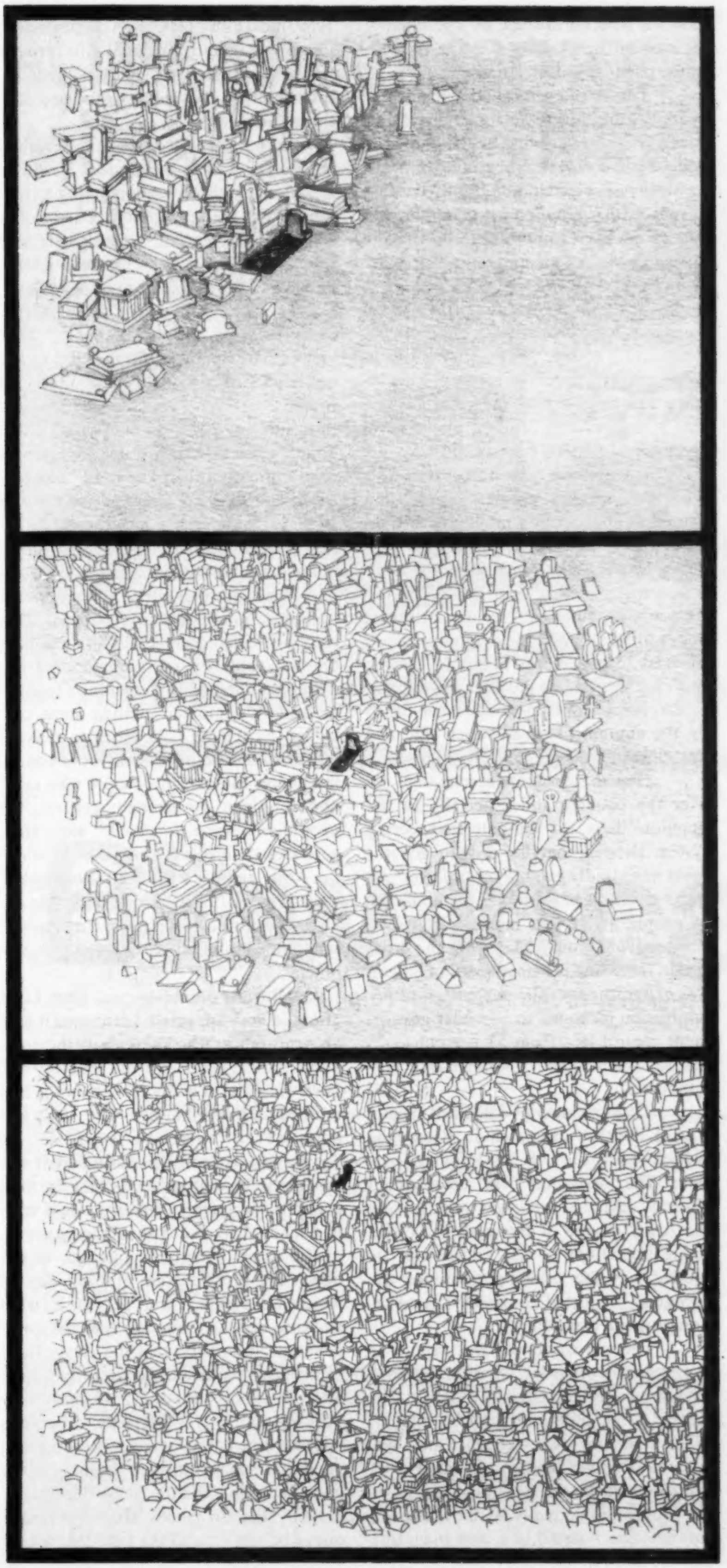
Two days later I was in a bar at the division base camp waiting for a flight back to Saigon. I struck up a conversation with an information officer and a civilian who had served with the Army in Vietnam and had returned as a PX supply wholesaler. I told them about the firefight and the letter.

"Great, that sounds good," the PX wholesaler said. "If she sent it in June last year and he just got it a couple of weeks ago that means the bombing must be working. That's a long time for mail delivery. The trail must really be hurting." The information officer nodded emphatic agreement.

American servicemen had a keen sense of present time. It was a rare and very dumb soldier who did not know day by day— or "wake-up to wake-up"—precisely how many days remained before the 365th "wake-up," which was the day he could go home. Halfway through the year one became "short," and grew shorter and shorter until the last nine days when one was a "single digit midget." A new arrival in an infantry unit was called an "FNG," or "fucking new guy." It was a term laden with pity and spoken with the pride of a veteran. For combat troops every day that passed was a day survived. For the rear echelon troops ("REMFS," or "rear echelon mother fuckers") each day was not so vivid but its passing was cherished just the same.

For some soldiers, the longer they were in Vietnam the more proficient they became in their jobs. I knew an enlisted man who had gone to Vietnamese language school after basic training and once in Vietnam, working as a translator, continued to practice even in his spare time. He looked forward to mastering the language by the time he left. After a few months he was assigned to an electronic intelligence unit near the DMZ. His job was to monitor the field radio communications of North Vietnamese units, figure out what they were doing and plot their locations on a targeting map. He would tune in on one radio operator and after listening for a few days get a sense of the man through his language. Each one was unique—either in pronunciation, accent or style. One would be terse, strictly matter of fact. Another would crack jokes or make mocking comments about the proficiency of the unit to which he was talking. The American gave the voices private nicknames, based on the cast of characters in gung-ho World War II movies in which an American combat unit was usually a collection of various ethnic types and personalities: "Ski," "Paddy," "Billy Joe," "The Professor," "Hymie," "Kid." He never followed them for very long. Within a day or two after he had them firmly established in his mind, they would send their last message and it was always the same: "Fucking B-52," they screamed, then silence. He grew less interested in mastering Vietnamese, and yearned for the end of his tour. Several times he tried to get reassigned but failed and he is still trying, unsuccessfully, to forget.

John Paul Vann died in June 1972 when his helicopter was shot down between Kontum and Pleiku. Vann first arrived in Vietnam as an Army lieutenant colonel in the early '60s. His outspoken criticism of the stupidity of the Army's program made him an outcast. He quit the Army but stayed in Vietnam as a pacification adviser. When he died, he was telling generals what to do. Vann's Vietnam career tells much of the story of what hap-



pened during the war. In the beginning he was bitterly opposed to the use of massive force. He wanted to win the war "politically" by making the Saigon government more appealing to the people than the NLF. But in his last days on earth he worked endless hours setting the targets for B-52 strikes in the hills around Kontum and Pleiku. Always a man who followed through, he insisted on inspecting the craters from his helicopter after a strike. If he found a mass of mangled bodies, it meant that his targeting had been accurate. He told visitors that when the wind blew in the right direction from the hills it often brought him good news—the smell of many rotting bodies.

In the late 1960s Vann said, "America has not had ten years of experience in Vietnam. It has had one year, ten times over." He meant that the one-year tour of duty policy removed people just when they were beginning to learn something and replaced them with "tabula rasa" newcomers for whom the war started the day they arrived. Vann was right, up to a point. In their knowledge of history, recent and distant, most of the military personnel and many of the State Department and USAID employees made Judy Holliday of *Born Yesterday* seem like Miss Jane Pittman. But it's debatable, elsewhere, whether or not more experience on the ground in Vietnam would have mattered much. Decision makers in Washington had plenty of accurate information and there is a remarkable continuity to their blunders.

Most Americans left after a year, but Vann was hardly the only man who came to Vietnam and stayed a long time. Indeed, it was the boast of some people that they had been in Vietnam since Vann was a colonel. These were the people—foreign service officers, USAID pacification advisers, CIA agents and analysts, journalists, businessmen, construction supervisors, maintenance technicians or just drifters who had been one or several of the above—who had a sense of time directly contrary to that of the GIs. For them, time was not something to be survived but to be accumulated. The longer they had been in Vietnam the better. The day of the final wake-up was not a moment of relief to be yearned for but was regarded probably with some foreboding.

For a great many Americans Vietnam was not a catastrophe but a blessing—and a fairly comfortable blessing at that. The place offered them all the perquisites that any colony had ever offered adventurers, incompetents, remittance men, idealists, misfits or criminals from England, France or Portugal. At the very least, the standard of living for American civilians, especially in Saigon, was relatively high and probably higher than it would have been back home. Many had servants, even drivers. The PX made food and alcohol plentiful and cheap, words that could also describe the supply of women and drugs. For some, especially the construction workers and many USAID employees, Vietnam was like a cushy Foreign Legion: an escape from dull lives and wives with high pay and a hint of danger. Some found it a boon to their careers. Young foreign service officers who might have been issuing visas or running cultural programs in Senegal found themselves administering multimillion-dollar programs which involved life and death. Why leave? Could it possibly be as good anywhere else?

If one cared about status games in Saigon, seniority was very important. If one could remember when Tu Do Street was called Rue Catinat, when there were still trees there and the bars were boutiques, one was a true "old Indochina hand." A personal recollection of the 1963 coup was very impressive. By the '70s it was important to be able to say one had been at the first "Light at the End of the Tunnel" New Year's Eve party in 1967. That was a party given by the most glamorous young foreign service officers, Army officers and journalists in Saigon, when things were looking better than ever in Vietnam. It was a wild affair, held in a huge villa downtown and attended by nearly 500 guests. The party, and the title, followed by Roman numerals, like Super Bowl, became a tradition which endured for several years. But no subsequent party ever surpassed that first one, just a month before the Tet Offensive.

In many but not all cases, the longer one had been in Vietnam the stronger one defended American policy. Events which shocked newcomers, and the American people, could be taken in stride by the old-timers. "I've seen it all before," was their usual refrain. "Some things take time. You can't expect democracy to grow overnight." Many of the old-timers actually believed they were helping Vietnam by being there. Although they were colonial administrators, they had an active contempt for the French who had hung on in Vietnam. They were in Vietnam for selfish reasons.

William Colby is an old Indochina hand. He first went to Saigon in the '50s as a CIA agent. In 1968, while still with the CIA, he became one of Bunker's deputy ambassadors with overall responsibility for the pacification program. Colby is known to feel that, on the whole, the American effort in Vietnam was a success. It was certainly a success for him. He is now the director of the CIA. Presumably, he earned the position in large part because of his service in Saigon.

I have often recalled a remark he made to me during an interview in late 1968. It seemed asinine at the time and indeed still seems so. But asinine or not, it is worthy of consideration if only because it reflects the attitude of a man who was one of the most important technicians in the entire American apparatus during the war.

"Yes, we are making progress," he told me, not surprisingly. Then he reflected, and added: "But we have always made progress here, right from the beginning. The trouble over the years has been that sometimes the enemy made more progress, and faster, than we did."

It may have been his concern over who was making progress faster that caused the pacification program to be renamed the "accelerated pacification program" around the time he took over. There was a feeling then in Saigon that time was running out. Negotiations were about to begin and a new administration pledged to peace was about to assume power. If the fighting did stop, the solution to the war would be a compromise based on the amount of control each side had over land and people.

How that program accelerated! All over the country and especially in the populous delta, the computerized scoring system showed that the Saigon government was rapidly gaining control over vast tracts of land and hundreds of thousands of people. In just six months, from December 1968 through May 1969, the progress in Kien Hoa province south of Saigon was extraordinary. The percentage of the population reckoned to be under government control lept from 55 percent to 76 percent. A new slogan was in the air: "new optimism."

Those six months coincided exactly with a military campaign in Kien Hoa carried out by the U.S. 9th Infantry Division. The operation was code-named "Speedy Express" and was regarded by the Army as one of the most successful single operations of the entire war. Its success was the principal cause of the "progress" reported by Colby's pacification program computers.

The top command was rapturous over the work of the 9th Division. General Creighton Abrams called its efforts "magnificent." He promoted its commander, Major General Julian Ewell, and dispatched observer teams from other divisions to visit the 9th so they could learn how things should really be done. The 9th commanders boasted in a unit magazine that the division had set a record in March 1969: most kills (3,000) by a single division in a single month. The total kills reported by the division were nearly 11,000. The total number of weapons captured from those "kills" was 748.

That glaring discrepancy made it clear to Alexander Shimkin, a *Newsweek* reporter, that there was something terribly wrong with the operation that had caused so much "acceleration" in the pacification program. Shimkin (who has been missing and feared dead since he disappeared near Quang Tri in July 1972) and I studied every facet of "Speedy Express," interviewed participants and traveled throughout Kien Hoa talking to Vietnamese. We found that the operation had been anything but "magnificent." It was an outrage, almost certainly a war crime by the standards of Nuremberg and the Japanese trials. Our story appeared in *Newsweek* in June 1972 under the heading "Pacification's Deadly Price." Its heavily documented assertion was that the 9th Division had killed approximately 5,000 innocent, unarmed, noncombatant civilians. They were not killed accidentally in cross fires. On the contrary, the commanders had deliberately unleashed crushing firepower in heavily populated civilian areas controlled by the NLF in order to make it difficult to the point of death for anyone to live there. Most of the people who came under Saigon government control, the people who were "pacified," were refugees from the rockets and bombs which the Army and Air Force had showered on their villages. "In sheer numbers, that operation dwarfed My Lai as a massacre," said one embittered pacification program official.

But the point here was time. Long after the story appeared, I discussed it with an Army officer who knew about the operation in some detail. He said the story had been accurate in every respect but it had omitted an important fact. The Army still considered "Speedy Express" an enormous accomplishment. In fact, it was thought to be such a success that the high command wanted to know exactly what had made it so. It commissioned a study, in the spirit of cost-effectiveness, to pin down the precise hour of each day at which all systems and personnel were working best. It wanted to find the quintessential moment when the Army itself came closest to triumph. What they were after, in effect, was America's finest hour in Vietnam. It was officially called the "peak killing hour." The Army officer told me that it was finally fixed precisely in the late afternoon. "But the funny thing was," he said, "that the peak killing hour turned out to be just around the time that school got out in all those rural delta villages." ●

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Vietnam Scrapbook

JAMES PICKERELL.
THE FIRST NEWSMAN
WOUNDED ON ASSIGNMENT.

ARMY CAPTAIN ROGER H.C. DONLON. THE FIRST
MEDAL OF HONOR WINNER SINCE KOREA.

THICH TRI QUANG.
LED BUDDHIST REVOLT
AGAINST KY IN '65.

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE.
THE EARLIEST AND MOST
VOCAL FRENCH CRITIC
OF THE WAR.

ALICE HERZ.
82 YEARS OLD,
SHE BURNED
HERSELF
IN ANTI-WAR
PROTEST.
(3/65)

SP5 CLAUDE McCLURE
THE FIRST POW
TO ATTACK
THE WAR.

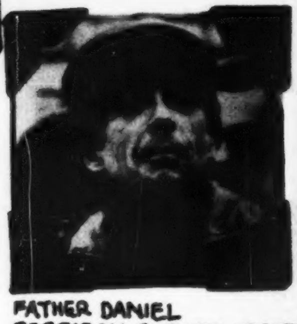
MUHAMMAD ALI.
REFUSED TO TAKE
THE STEP, LOST
HIS CROWN.

MARY MARTIN.
BROUGHT
"HELLO DOLLY"
TO 'NAM IN '65.

STAUGHTON LYND.
YALE PROF VISITED
HANOI IN '66.

PTAIN BILL CARPENTER.
ORMER WEST POINT FOOTBALL STAR,
E CALLED IN AIR STRIKES WITHIN
ARDS OF HIS OWN POSITION.

MARTIN LUTHER KING.
HE SAID IN '67
"THE WAR
IS BLASPHEMY."

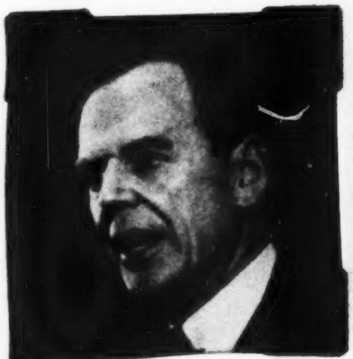


FATHER DANIEL
BERRIGAN. BURNED DRAFT
FILES IN CATONSVILLE, MD.
IN '68.

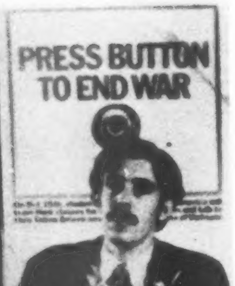
DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK. PROSECUTED
FOR CONSPIRACY TO COUNSEL MEN TO
EVADE THE DRAFT.

ERRY RUBIN.
HICAGO, '68.

DICK GREGORY.
WENT ON A
HUNGER STRIKE
FOR PEACE
IN '69



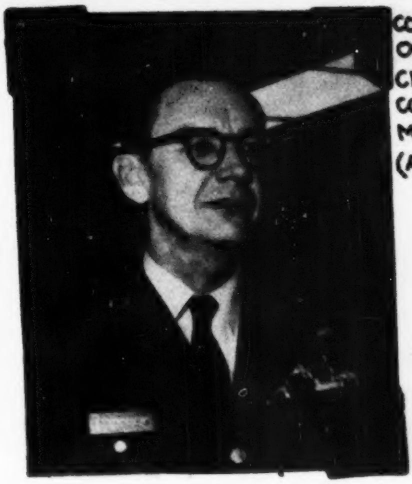
CLARK CLIFFORD.
JOHNSON AIDE
CREDITED WITH
TURNING LBJ AROUND ON THE WAR.



AM BROWN.
HIEF PLANNER OF
69 MORATORIUM.

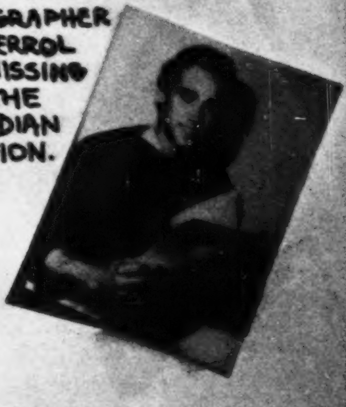
WILLIAM KUNSTLER.
HEADED THE DEFENSE
AT THE CHICAGO
CONSPIRACY TRIAL.

COLONEL ROBERT
RHEAULT. GREEN BERET LEADER
CHARGED WITH MURDERING A
VIETNAMESE DOUBLE AGENT.
(CASE DROPPED)



COLONEL
ORAN K. HENDERSON.
CHARGED WITH
COVERING UP THE
MY LAI MASSACRE.
(ACQUITTED)

SEAN FLYNN.
PHOTOGRAPHER
SON OF ERROL
FLYNN, MISSING
IN THE
CAMBODIAN
INVASION.



H. ROSS PEROT.
INDUSTRIALIST WHO WANTED
TO SHIP A PLANELOAD OF
SUPPLIES TO POWs
IN NORTH VIETNAM.

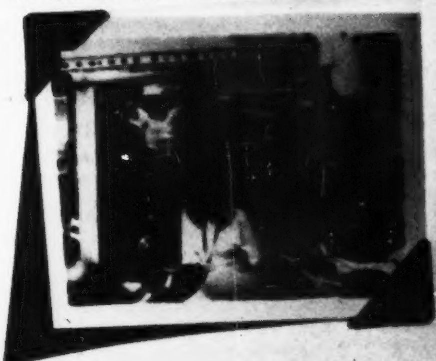
DO CAO TRI.
CHARISMATIC
SOUTH VIETNAMESE GENERAL
KILLED IN CAMBODIA.

DON LUCE.
EXPOSED THE CON SON
"TIGER CAGES"
SCANDAL.

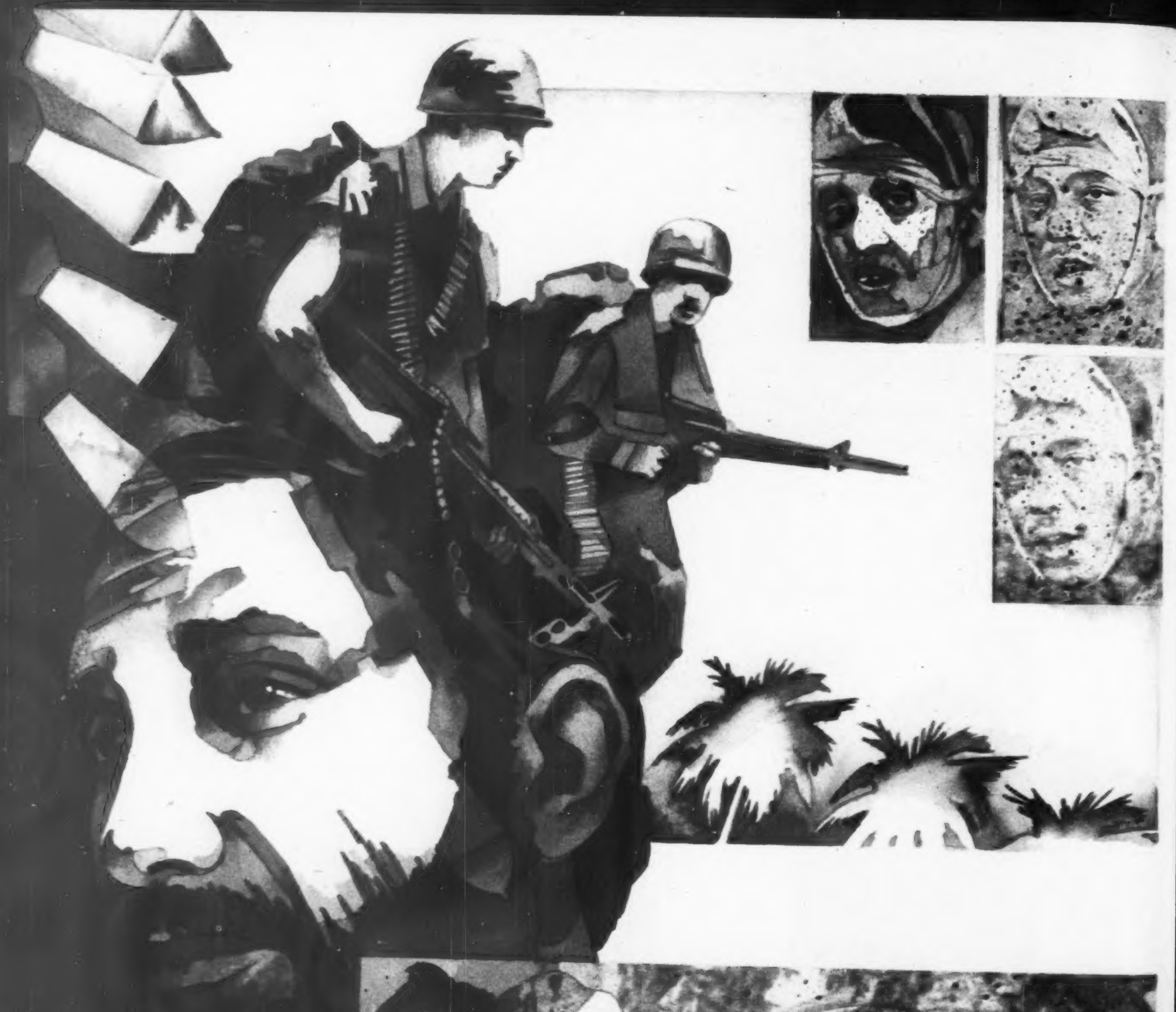
ERNEST MEDINA.
ACQUITTED ON MY LAI
MURDER CHARGES.

BRIGADIER GENERAL
JOHN W. DONALDSON. CHARGED
WITH THE "POTSHOT" MURDER
OF SIX CIVILIANS.
(ACQUITTED)

JANE FONDA.
HER SON WAS
TOILET-TRAINED
IN HANOI IN '72.



LIEUTENANT
EVERETT ALVAREZ.
THE LONGEST-HELD
POW IN
NORTH VIETNAM.



Making connections

It was a very short road between Vietnam and Watergate, as the soldier who exposed My Lai has come to understand

By Ronald Ridenhour

I returned to the village just about three years ago. I suppose it was a kind of burned out 20th century hegira, a running of one's hands through the ashes. The trauma of the Vietnam years exposed an ontological alter ego in America of which this village became the symbol, the spiritual personification. It is a place of fallen spirits, of death and rebirth, victory and failure. It sucked America's nose against the bad glass of reality, flickered in reflection for a bright moment and soon grew dim. Returning was a ghoulish thing to do. It meant bone-fingering and brain-picking, resurrecting old ghosts and discovering new ones. It meant scratching open old sores, interrogating the survivors of My Lai and looking into America's soul.

It might have been a long story, but the people of My Lai didn't much want to tell it. There was a kind of hardness in their eyes, something lonelier than hatred, and distant, as if they saw you through the prism of a thousand dying lights lying buried in those thickly scattered mounds. They didn't think it much worth the trouble to tell us something we wouldn't understand. They seemed to have us sized up pretty well. One woman finally agreed to take us there anyway. She didn't say why. She had her reasons, I suppose. She did not question mine.

The village was a quarter mile from where we met her, a long, bleak grove on the other side of empty fields. As we neared the ruins, she began pointing to the mounds floating on the village skin like duck chips in a small lagoon. "Twenty are buried here," she said. "Ten here . . . three . . . seven . . . a dozen . . . more than thirty over there . . . who knows? So many died. Who knows?" We stopped where her home had been. A brick house, tile roof, door, no windows, an oxen, two cows, husband, two children and the few hectares they farmed: it does not seem like much. They took what they needed from the land and returned to it what it needed, if they could. She said they were happy with it. In Tu Cung it was a lot. They were rich. It is gone now. The house to wind, rain and fire, the livestock to target practice, the husband and two boys into the drainage ditch. Calley shoved them. Only the land remains.

The land, memories and forgotten guilt. Her words, falling in the stifling September heat, bore through the cultural/linguistic barriers between us. I made the mistake of wearing an old set of combat fatigues. I thought they would be "practical." Now she looked at me, at the fatigues, really, with searing, pain-rage-filled eyes. Look at this, she said, my village, my home, my family. Gone. You. You and your kind came here, did this. This. For what? For what? Look at this, they said, the fallen roofs, broken walls, unkempt courtyards, silent mounds. Remember. Goddamn you, remember.

We left after an hour, maybe two—I can't really remember. I lost track after awhile, walked woodenly, stared blindly, could not wait to leave. How did we, how did America, come to this village, to Vietnam and do these dreadful things? I did not know.

I'd left Vietnam after a year. It was the year Middle American boys began to discover themselves. And heroin. Newspeak. Doublethink. Truth. Rebellion. Perversity. I cannot count all they found. They found themselves perpetrating on the Vietnamese people exactly that which they expected to protect them from. They found the men designated their leaders mean, arbitrary and stupid. They found themselves saying "fuck you" instead of "yes, sir." By January 1971, latrines throughout Vietnam bore the epithets of smoldering, sullen rebellion: *Fuck the Army—Smoke Scag*. One hundred thousand of them took to heroin in less than two years. A curious kind of brilliant, apropos nonsense danced on their tongues. "It don't mean nothin'," they said. "Not even." They turned it the way of all slang, machine-gunning it at everything they dealt with, creating a temporary articulation of a newly emergent American *volksgeist*. When their superiors—officers or NCOs—objected, reacting, as always, as if the symptom were the cause, responding with force, threats of force and repression, the grunts returned it in kind. They murdered their oppressors at will, feeling only, apparently, satisfaction. "If I frag a lifer, man," one told me, "that's not murder. I just fragged his animal ass, that's all. Don't mean nothin', man. Not even."

The coming of Dolf Droge to Arizona State University was no closely guarded secret. There were signs aplenty, expensive, professional signs telling us of it. Come to the mall at Arizona State University. Meet Dolf Droge. Veteran Southeast Asia hand. White House staffer. Presidential adviser. Expert on South Vietnam. And amateur minstrel, to boot.

John Rhodes, senior congressman from Arizona, stood behind the signs. It was a week before election day in the fall of '72, and Dolf sang to us on his behalf. He didn't make much music, but then that wasn't what he was there for. Not really.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN FREAS

He was Nixon's man, on hand to exhort the faithful, win the uncertain and castigate the contemptuous.

He was well suited for the task. With the Air Force during the Korean War he was a "reporter and information specialist." From '56 to '58 Droge worked for the United States Information Agency in Laos and Thailand. By 1966 he was chief of Vietnamese training for USAID. In 1968 AID loaned Droge to the White House. He worked there until 1973, as a technician, a propagandist.

A crowd of perhaps 200 met Dolf on the mall that day. We were an odd mixture: a smattering of Vietnam vets, some freaks, a number of straight-looking, bookish types, some foreign students, a handful of off-campus citizens and a few curious fellows collecting photographs of the crowd. It might have been a nice day. The sun was bright, the air crisp and clear. After a brief introduction, Droge's guitar disappeared behind a tall, bold map of Indochina. He passed on 1,900 years of Vietnamese history in two minutes. From there he turned smartly to North Vietnam (and "eleven old men," as he called them, the politbureau of the Lao Dong Party, the Communist Party of North Vietnam), skimming over social conditions in North Vietnam, the history of Ho Chi Minh and the alleged threat communism poses to democracy. He was very smooth, this Droge. He sat up there on the rock podium of the open air forum behind his high-gloss, black plastic glasses and pinkie rings, droning surely on, smiling, holding that big chrome mike in his hand like a hammer.

The crowd was patient, but soon grew nervous, fidgeting here and there. At first, the frustration was evident only on the faces of a few. Then it began to spread. After 20 minutes we started to interrupt, politely, with raised hands. But as Dolf slid off the first questions, we began to impatiently shout out new ones. Tell us about Thieu's political prisoners. What about the tiger cages? What about bombing the dikes? Dolf smiled benignly. He reminded us of the communist threat. His replies were complex, geometric, almost artistic constructions of meaningless, academic things. They were all very correct. They just did not deal with the questions or issues at hand.

We knew he was playing with us, but we could not quite nail him down. As he evaded one question after another with his quiet, patronizing professionalism, the frustration became almost palpable. Dolf just smiled graciously, slipping away. A half-mad philosophy professor, incensed, shouted out confused, almost spasmodic questions. An Arab student, unable to contain himself, was suddenly on his feet, screaming denunciations of U.S. foreign policy, fascism and imperialism. What about Diem, Thieu, Franco, Chiang Kai-shek? What about the Shah of Iran? What about American supplied tanks killing thousands in the streets of Teheran?

A short, big-busted old lady with frazzled Revlon-red hair surged suddenly forward just beneath Droge, staring wild-eyed at the Arab student. "What's wrong with America?" she yelled, shaking her fist. "If you don't like it go back where you came from! Dirty commie. Go back to selling camels!" There were a few guffaws. "You pinko!" she continued, lunging forward. "How come you're going to school here if this is such a bad place? You bum. Get out! Go on home!" Two of Rhodes' men rushed out to restrain her, cooing soothingly, and edged her back to her place. Most of the indulgent smiles in the crowd turned to laughter. Most of those who, moments before, had been yelling at Droge turned on her.

Dolf smiled. He had us now. He kept us, left us off-balance, played with us like that, until it was time to move the meeting indoors to hear Rhodes.

Sure, the name of the game is deceit. That's why Dolf Droge does not deal with questions about Thieu's political prisoners, or Operation Phoenix, or martial law in the South, or Thieu's press repression and censorship, or his papier-mâché courts, or the prisons with their tortures, beatings, starvation diets, tiger cages and children, or the 10 million refugees, or the 400,000 farmers' daughters forced into fucking foreign soldiers, or filling the veins of a princess with cobwebs of cardboard. It is why John Rhodes, who is also a great player, speaks of representing the interests of all the people but is so reluctant to deal with questions concerning his $30,000-plus annual salary from the Farm and Home Insurance Company–for which he has a title but no known duties. It is why Richard Nixon, a greater player still, had a plan for ending the war but told no one what it was. It is why American combat deaths and casualties doubled, bomb tonnage dropped in Indochina tripled that dropped in the Big War, 100,000 boys from Scarsdale and social points south filled their veins with powdery garbage, hundreds of officers and NCOs were murdered, the public treasuries lost hundreds of millions to Vietnamese graft, North Vietnam was carpet-bombed, Cambodia was B-52'd and invaded, Congress lied to and the war went on, goes on still, while Richard Nixon applauds himself for bringing us peace with honor.

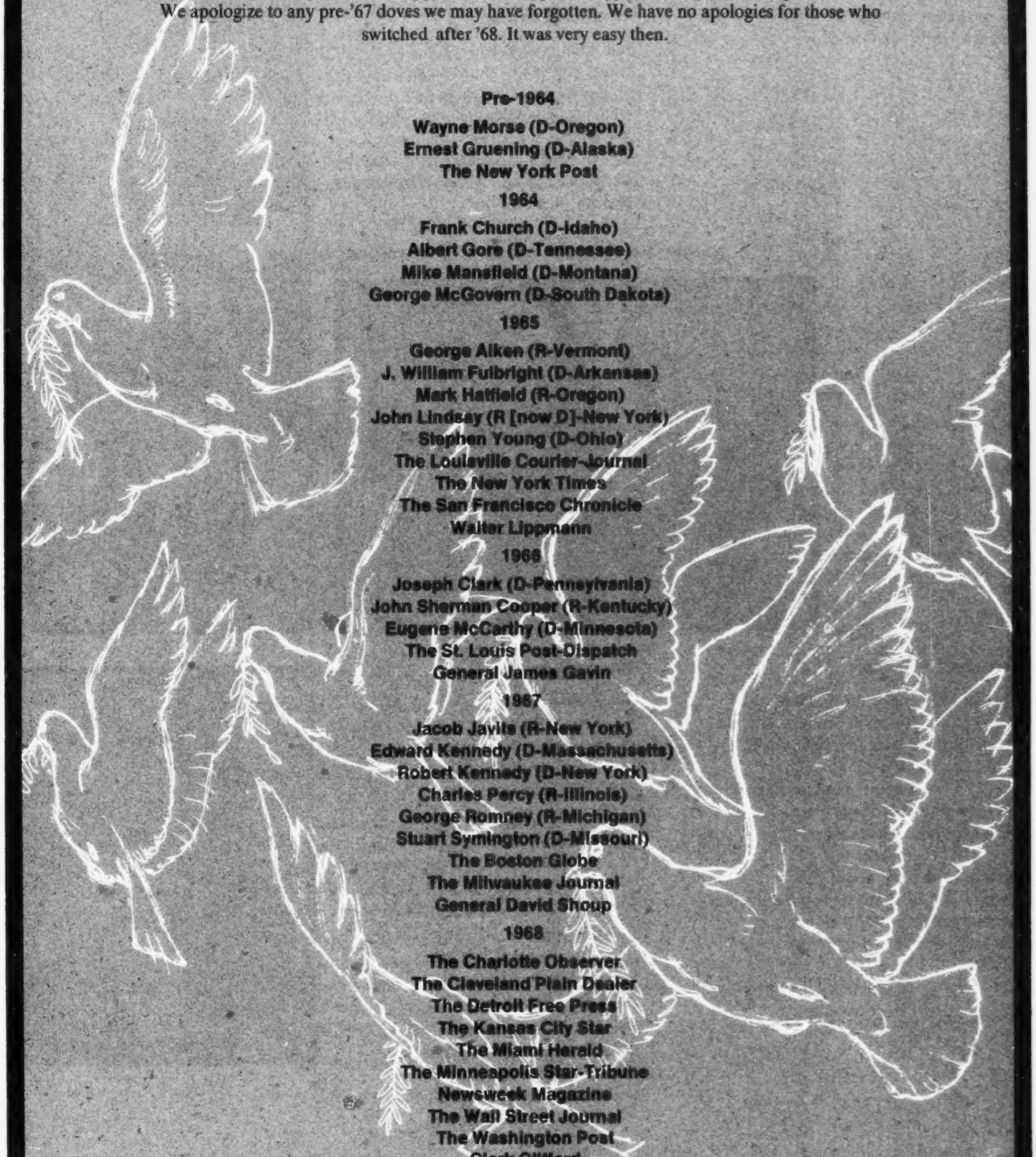
It is why Daniel Ellsberg published the Pentagon Papers. It is why Richard Nixon violated Ellsberg's most sacred First Amendment and human rights. It is why Richard Nixon politicized the independent arm of the executive branch. It is why Ehrlichman offered Judge Byrne the FBI directorship in the middle of Ellsberg's trial. It is why Nixon's men used the threat of action by the corrupted government agencies to extort corporate funds for Nixon's private and partisan political ambitions. It is why they used those monies to establish a secret police force answerable only to Nixon. It is why that secret police force placed many of the nation's ablest journalists under surveillance. It is why public servants suspected of greater loyalty to the Constitution and the office than to the man came under the scrutiny of Nixon's secret police. It is why the tapes are missing. It is why witness after witness, all employees or ex-employees of Richard Nixon, cannot remember anything about anything about everything they did while guiding the fate of their country. It is why Cox was fired. It is why evidence has been destroyed on a massive scale. It is why person after person committed perjury. It is why the White House obstructed and continues to obstruct every phase of the Watergate investigation in every way it can. It is why the whole nation lost faith in the integrity of their government.

It was in April that I first heard of My Lai. It is the cruelest month, stirring dull roots with winter rain. It was coming down then, a cold, bitter rain. Outside the tent where I sat, the Vietnamese countryside was an ashen, grey wasteland. I am always reminded of it on days that look the same, when the sky is heavy and the clouds hang low. It makes me shiver with that same shot of disbelief. On another, later April day I saw a friend in Saigon. It was a time of new wailing. The measure of South Vietnamese victory in the bloody Laotian invasion was just coming home. He remarked that his house lady, a Vietnamese woman, had not come to work for three days. When finally she returned she said there was great sickness in her part of the city. The people there believed it to be caused by spirits of the thousands of dead left unburied, lying where they fell on those long plateaus across the border. They were angered at the desecration of their sacred souls. And thus angered, they rode the wind south to inflict pestilence on the city. It and its people must pay for acquiescing in the sins of their slaughter. The Greeks called it Moira. Perhaps another April will bring warmer rains. It is necessary. ●

Honor Roll

In the '60s, there was only one certain test of character: when you came out against the war and how strongly. In most cases, the switch was gradual and often it was only partial, so that it is difficult to be definitive in assigning dates to individual conversions. But the individuals and institutions listed below all, to one degree or another, crossed that fuzzy line from support to non-support at approximately the dates given.

We apologize to any pre-'67 doves we may have forgotten. We have no apologies for those who switched after '68. It was very easy then.



Pre-1964

Wayne Morse (D-Oregon)
Ernest Gruening (D-Alaska)
The New York Post

1964

Frank Church (D-Idaho)
Albert Gore (D-Tennessee)
Mike Mansfield (D-Montana)
George McGovern (D-South Dakota)

1965

George Aiken (R-Vermont)
J. William Fulbright (D-Arkansas)
Mark Hatfield (R-Oregon)
John Lindsay (R [now D]-New York)
Stephen Young (D-Ohio)
The Louisville Courier-Journal
The New York Times
The San Francisco Chronicle
Walter Lippmann

1966

Joseph Clark (D-Pennsylvania)
John Sherman Cooper (R-Kentucky)
Eugene McCarthy (D-Minnesota)
The St. Louis Post-Dispatch
General James Gavin

1967

Jacob Javits (R-New York)
Edward Kennedy (D-Massachusetts)
Robert Kennedy (D-New York)
Charles Percy (R-Illinois)
George Romney (R-Michigan)
Stuart Symington (D-Missouri)
The Boston Globe
The Milwaukee Journal
General David Shoup

1968

The Charlotte Observer
The Cleveland Plain Dealer
The Detroit Free Press
The Kansas City Star
The Miami Herald
The Minneapolis Star-Tribune
Newsweek Magazine
The Wall Street Journal
The Washington Post
Clark Clifford
Theodore Sorensen

Voices from Vietnam

The following poems, written by Vietnam veterans, were first published in *Winning Hearts and Minds* by The First Casualty Press. The book is now available through the McGraw Hill Book Company.

What Kind Of War?

Ask what kind of war it is
where you can be pinned down
all day in a muddy rice paddy
while your buddies are being shot
and a close-support Phantom jet
who has been napalming the enemy
wraps itself around a tree and explodes
and you cheer inside?

—Larry Rottmann

Chewing Gum & Soap . . .

Killed another one of the mothers
from the village last night . . .
She must've come out to relieve herself—
but all I saw was a shadow
against a lighter shadow.
I can't imagine what made her go outside—
we left her there in any case—
till morning . . .
It used to be that we would give
her kid some chewing gum
or let him grub a cigarette or two . . .
What can I give him now though;
even a bar of soap
seems such a very poor exchange.

—Serigo

Bedtime Story

Sleep, America.
Silence is a warm bed.
Sleep your nightmares of small
cries cut open now
in the secret places of
Black Land, Bamboo City.

Sleep tight, America
dogtags eating sweatgrimaced
TV-people
Five O'clock news: My son the Meat.

Laughing scars, huh?
Novocained fist.
Squeeze every window empty
then hum.

Fear only the natural unreality
and kiss nostalgia goodbye
Bayonet teddy bear and snore.
Bad dreams are something you ate.
So sleep, you mother.

—Gustav Hasford

Basket Case

I waited eighteen years to become a man.
My first woman was a whore off Tu Do street,
But I wish I never felt the first wild
Gliding lust, because the rage and thrust
Of a mine caught me hip high.
I felt the rip at the walls of my thighs,
A thousand metal scythes cut me open,
My little fish shot twenty yards
Into a swamp canal.
I fathered only this—the genderless bitterness
Of two stumps, and an unwanted pity
That births the faces of all
Who will see me till I die deliriously
From the spreading sepsis that was once my balls.

—Basil T. Paquet

Group Shot

So they passed,
Days of hollow cadence
When each passing day
Seemed an album of daguerrotypes,
Camera-caught, anachronistic.
Puffed-up, pigeon-breasted,
As in Brady's day
We strutted to a distant
Very insistent drum.

I have photos of us all together,
Polished boots and brass
In front of whitewashed barracks.
There, hanging on the parlor wall,
We are as once we were,
The wholeness of our limbs,
Two eyes blinking at the sun,
When all had all needed
To woo the world.

—Basil T. Paquet

Viet-Nam

Land of volcanic hills, time-warped mountains,
Lichened rivers and rain-scented heat,
Land of rice, palms and poverty,
Patience, struggle and violence.
Land of war—Land of silence.

Proud people whose ravished children
Speak the beggar's tongue,
Whose girls whore the invader,
Whose men salute the rapist,
At night, hunt the rabid beast.

Enslaved in the name of Freedom;
You watch invader kill invader,
You watch your children die,
Watch the others speak of peace,
Suffer sorrows without cease.

—Robert C. Hahn

Our longest war

The Vietnam War made the cover of *Time* magazine 66 times in the last 24 years—more than enough to fill a year's subscription

General de Tassigny '49

Emperor Bao Dai '50

Gen. Jean de Tassigny '51

General Henri Navarre '53

Ho Chi Minh '54

Ngo Dinh Diem '61

Big Four at Geneva '55

Ngo Dinh Diem '61

General Paul Harkins '62

Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu '63

Lt. Gen. Van Minh '63

Prince Sihanouk '64

General Kong Le '64

Maj. Gen. Khanh '64

Admiral Sharp Jr. '64 .

General Westmoreland '65

"Robbie" Risner '65

McGeorge Bundy '65

Ho Chi Minh '65

Viet Nam War '65

Gen. Harold K. Johnson '65

General Westmoreland, '66

Johnson, Shelepin and Ho '66

Dean Rusk '66

Nguyen Cao Ky '66

Thich Tri Quang '66

Gen. Vo Nguyen Giap '66

Robert S. McNamara '66

General Westmoreland '67

Sgt. Clide Brown Jr. '67

Inside the Viet Cong '67

Nguyen Van Thieu '67

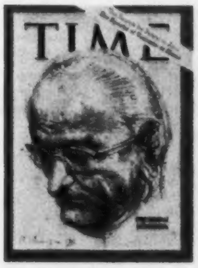
Marines at Con Thien '67

Peace Marchers '67

Lyndon B. Johnson, '68

Gen. Vo Nguyen Giap '68

Sen. Eugene McCarthy '68



Lyndon B. Johnson '68

Creighton Abrams '68

Peace Talks '68

Lyndon B. Johnson '68

Henry Kissinger '69

Nguyen Van Thieu '69

Military Under Attack '69

Troop Withdrawal '69

TIME
HO CHI MINH

Ho Chi Minh '69

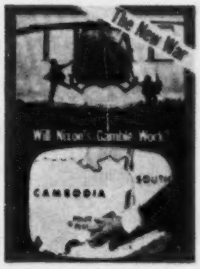
Viet Nam Moratorium '69

WHAT IF WE JUST PULL OUT?

Nixon and Viet Nam '69

Combating Dissent '69

Lt. William Calley Jr. '69


The New War
TIME
Will Nixon's Gamble Work?
CAMBODIA
SOUTH

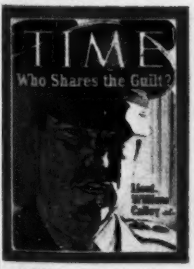
Cambodian Invasion '70

PROTEST!
TIME

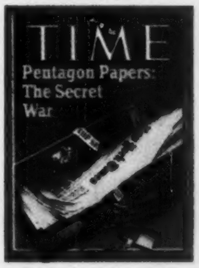
U.S. Student Protest '70

American POW's '70

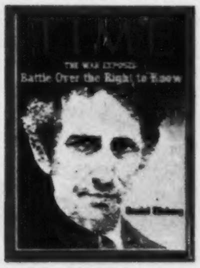
Gen. Creighton Abrams '71


TIME
Who Shares the Guilt?
Lieut. William Calley Jr.

Lt. William Calley Jr. '71


TIME
Pentagon Papers:
The Secret
War

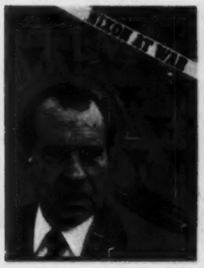
The Pentagon Papers '71


TIME
THE WAR EXPOSES
Battle Over the Right to Know
Daniel Ellsberg

Daniel Ellsberg '71

Viet Nam:
The Big Test

Viet Nam '72


NIXON AT WAR

Nixon at War '72

THE BIG RED BLITZ
TIME
The FBI after Hoover

Gen. Vo Nguyen Giap '72

NIXON STRIKES BACK

Haiphong Harbor '72

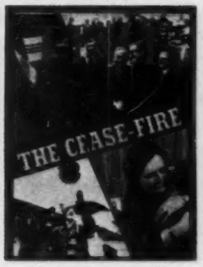
TIME
On The Brink Of Peace?
Henry Kissinger

Henry Kissinger '72

The Shape of Peace '72

TIME
AFTER THE BOMBS
WHAT PEACE?

The Bombing Question '73


THE CEASE-FIRE

Viet Nam Cease-fire '73

TIME
THE PRISONERS RETURN
Welcome home
Daddy!

P.O.W. Families '73

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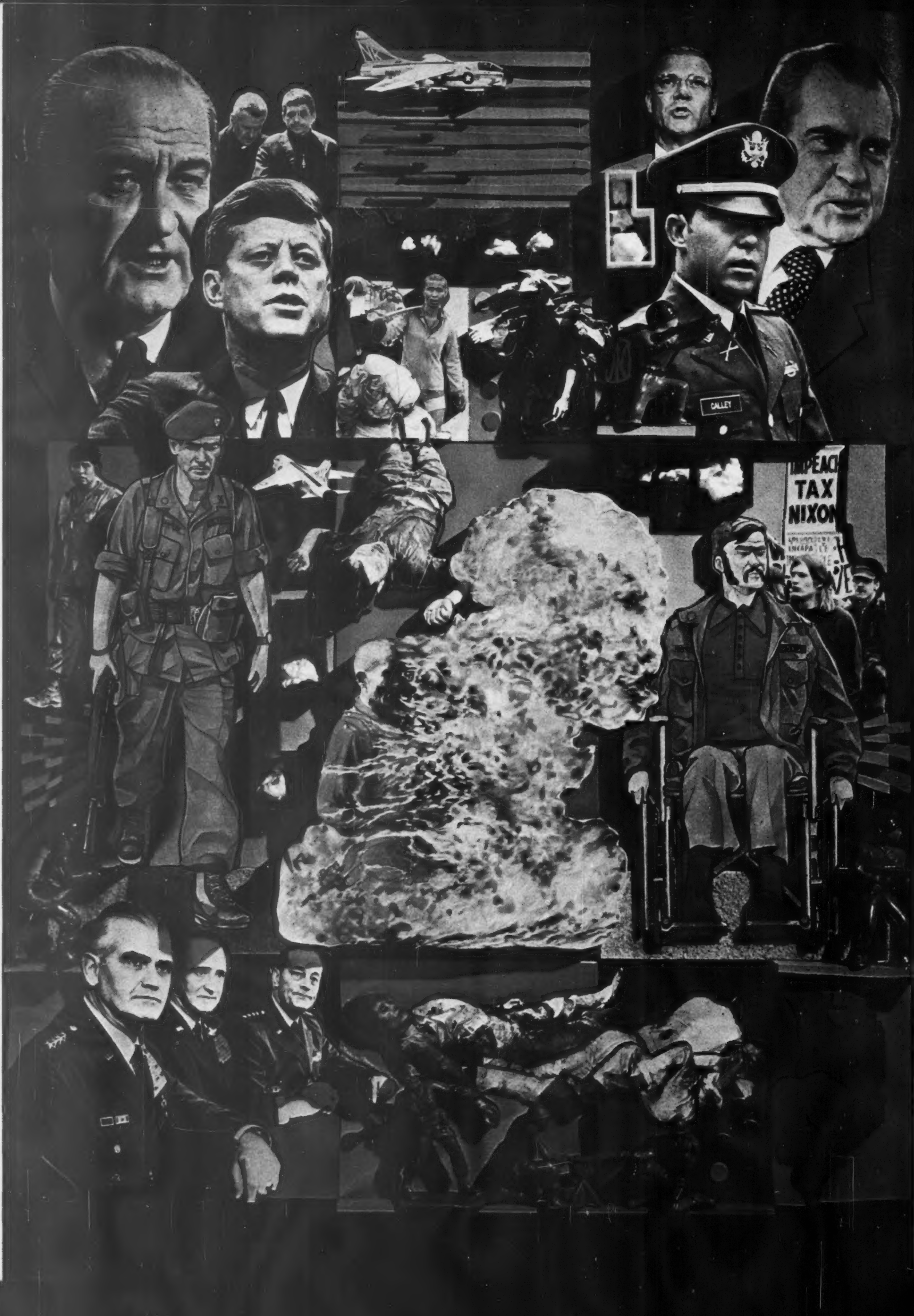

CALLEY
IMPEACH
TAX
NIXON

ART BY DAVID PRESTONE

Vietnam Quiz

Ellsberg risked jail for your right to know. How much do you?

I. Prologue

1. Who, in 1945, wrote 8 letters to Truman asking that Vietnam be accorded the "same status as the Philippines" for a period of tutelage preceding independence?

2. The postwar French puppet emperor of South Vietnam was ____.

3. By 1954, the U.S. was underwriting __% of the cost of the Indochina war.

a. 17%
b. 23%
c. 41%
d. 57%
e. 78%

4. When did Dien Bien Phu fall?

5. According to the terms of the Geneva Conference, the deadline for the election to reunify North and South Vietnam was July 20, __.

a. 1955
b. 1956
c. 1957
d. 1958
e. 1960

6. What major power refused to sign the Geneva Pact?

7. ____ said in 1956 that if elections were held then Ho Chi Minh would poll 80%.

8. What Vietnamese political organization was formed on Dec. 20, 1960?

9. By __, American aid to South Vietnam supported the whole cost of the Vietnamese Armed Forces, nearly 80% of all other government expenditures and almost 90% of all imports.

a. 1957
b. 1962
c. 1968
d. 1971

10. What were the first 16,000 American military personnel in Vietnam called?

11. When did the first Americans die in Vietnam?

II. Kennedy

12. Who did President Kennedy send to Vietnam on the first fact-finding mission of his Administration?

13. The retired Air Force colonel who headed the sabotage efforts of the Saigon Military Mission later became Daniel Ellsberg's boss and the model for a best seller. What is his name, and what is the title of the book?

14. Who said, in 1963, that the American role in the war would be "limited and supporting"?

15. ____, the first president of South Vietnam, was killed in a coup on November 1, 1963.

16. What religion was Ngo Dinh Diem?

17. When did the first Buddhist monk burn himself to death?

a. 1954
b. 1956
c. 1961
d. 1963
e. 1966

18. Where was Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu when her husband was killed in the 1963 coup?

19. How long did General Minh, who led the November 1963 coup, head South Vietnam?

III. Johnson

20. LBJ said, "I believe there is light at the end of what has been a long and lonely tunnel." The year was ___.

21. What were early, college-based discussions on the war called?

22. According to Defense Department experts on guerrilla warfare, the kill ratio necessary to defeat the Viet Cong was ___.

a. two to one
b. five to one
c. eight to one
d. ten to one
e. twelve to one

23. In 1964, ____ testified before Congress that most American forces would be out of Vietnam within a year.

24. What was the name of the destroyer the American government claimed was attacked in the Tonkin Gulf? In subsequent testimony, the possibility was raised that actually as few as ___ North Vietnamese shots were fired.

a. 20
b. 5
c. 0
d. 1
e. 2

25. Which two senators voted against the

ART BY DAVID PRESTONE

Tonkin Gulf Resolution?

26. How many members of the House voted against the Tonkin Gulf Resolution?

27. Who was the first dove in the Johnson inner circle?

28. Who said that negotiating with the Viet Cong would be like "letting the fox into the chicken coop"? Whose suggestion was he responding to?

29. Complete these antiwar slogans
a. Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh
b. Hey, Hey LBJ
c. All that we're saying
d. One two three four

30. This company, which for years manufactured napalm, was the target of demonstrations at many campuses.

31. Who said, "Bomb them back to the stone age"?

32. Who was the head of the Selective Service System during most of the war in Vietnam?

33. In early 1967, according to a Harris poll, ___% of the American public considered themselves dovish on the war.
a. 12
b. 18
c. 26
d. 44
e. 52

34. In 1967, _____ convened a "war crimes tribunal" in Stockholm to deal with American actions in Vietnam.

UPI

a. Tom Hayden
b. Jerry Rubin
c. Bertrand Russell
d. Jean-Paul Sartre
e. Jane Fonda

35. An ambitious plan to have student activists canvas the country in the summer of 1967 was known as _______.

36. Who called critics of the war "nervous nellies"?

37. A 1965 Defense Department memo listed the three U.S. goals in the Vietnam War, and gave each a value. Pair the goals with the percentages:

WIDE WORLD

a. "to permit the people of South Vietnam to enjoy a better, freer way of life" x. 70%
b. "to keep South Vietnam from Chinese hands" y. 10%
c. "to avoid a humiliating U.S. defeat" z. 20%

38. _____, elected to the Georgia legislature in 1966, was for a time denied his seat because of his opposition to the war.

39. _____, who was sent to prison for refusing to train medics for service in Vietnam, recently lost an appeal in the Supreme Court.

40. In 1968 the war was costing more than _____ dollars a day.
a. 1 million
b. 10 million
c. 40 million
d. 55 million
e. 70 million

41. Which attorney general prosecuted Dr. Spock?

42. Who is Truong Dinh Dzu?

43. Two months before the Tet Offensive, _____ said he had "never been more encouraged in my four years in Vietnam."
a. William Westmoreland
b. Dean Rusk
c. Henry Cabot Lodge
d. Creighton Abrams
e. Ellsworth Bunker

44. Which senator suggested the U.S. merely say we'd won the war and withdraw?
a. Robert Kennedy
b. George McGovern
c. George Aiken
d. Birch Bayh
e. Wayne Morse

45. Who organized the "dump Johnson" movement?
a. Robert Kennedy
b. Allard Lowenstein
c. Sam Brown
d. Eugene McCarthy
e. David Dellinger

46. In what month did Johnson announce he would not seek reelection?

47. When did peace talks among the U.S., North Vietnam, South Vietnam and the Viet Cong begin?

48. What was the initial point of contention during the discussion in Paris?

49. Who was the original chief American negotiator in Paris? Who replaced him?

50. Who was the NLF representative in the Paris Peace Talks?

IV. Nixon

51. What was Oct. 15, 1969, known as? What was the day's slogan?

52. When American troops crossed into Cambodia on _____, President Nixon called it an _____.

53. The night before the Kent State shootings, demonstrating students burned the building that served as campus _____ headquarters.

54. How many students were *wounded* at Kent State?
a. 4
b. 10
c. 13
d. 20
e. 41

55. How many students were killed at Jackson State in Mississippi?

56. _____ said, of a mass demonstration, "It looks like the Russian Revolution down there."

57. What did President Nixon do during the massive antiwar demonstration of November 1969?
a. Talked to the demonstrators
b. Was in Key Biscayne
c. Was in San Clemente
d. Watched football in the White House
e. Worked in the White House

58. Where were the "tiger cages" (underground cells used for holding political prisoners) found?

59. How many candidates opposed General Thieu when he ran for reelection in October 1971?

60. Who overthrew Prince Norodom Sihanouk?

WIDE WORLD

61. Ho Chi Minh died on September 3, ____.

a. 1968
b. 1969
c. 1970
d. 1971
e. 1972

62. Which American industrialist concocted the plan to fly a planeload of gifts to POWs in North Vietnam?

63. What was the name of the North Vietnamese POW camp raided by American rescuers? How many POWs did they free?

64. Who was the Washington, D.C., police chief responsible for mass arrests during the Mayday demonstrations of 1971?

65. In May 1972, following a series of North Vietnamese military successes, President Nixon retaliated by ________.

66. What word coined by the Nixon administration was used to define the process by which the Vietnamese would take over the military side of the war?

67. Kissinger said "peace is at hand" one week before what major event?

68. During the Christmas bombing of 1972, which world leader compared American actions with Nazi atrocities?

69. _____, the North Vietnamese representative to the Paris Peace Talks, turned down his share of the Nobel Peace Prize.

V. Fighting

70. The largest U.S. base in Vietnam was _____.

a. Pleiku
b. Danang
c. Cam Ranh Bay
d. My Lai
e. Saigon

71. The fiercely independent people who inhabit the Vietnam Central Highlands are known as ________.

72. The North Vietnamese master strategist, from Dien Bien Phu through the American role in Vietnam, was _____.

73. The Viet Cong sanctuary northwest of Saigon was known as the _____.

WIDE WORLD

74. What was the standard rifle used by the American Army in Vietnam?

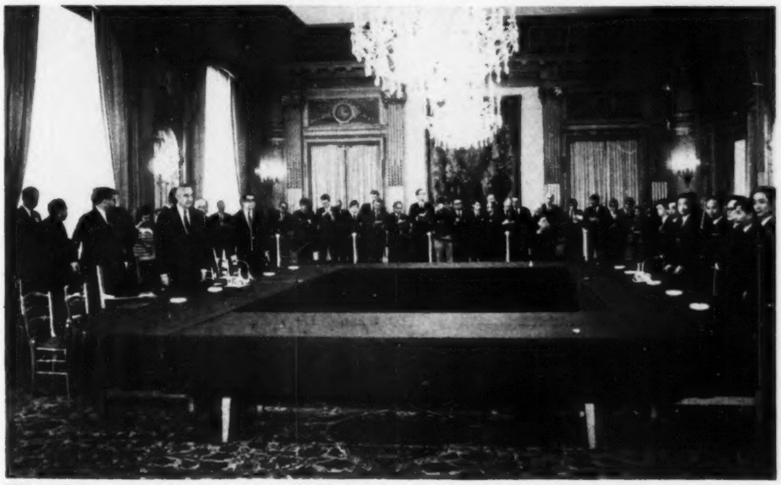
75. What was the pseudo-private airline run by the CIA?

76. What major city did the Communists take and hold for 25 days during the Tet Offensive?

77. How many Vietnamese civilians were killed at My Lai?

a. 20
b. 58
c. 107
d. 207
e. 347

78. How many officers and enlisted men were charged in connection with the My Lai massacre? How many were convicted?



WIDE WORLD

79. What was the largest Army division in Vietnam? (Some of its members participated in the My Lai massacre.)

80. What was "Operation Rolling Thunder"?

81. What Marine outpost, south of the DMZ, withstood a ruthless 2½ month siege in 1968?

82. _____ was the term used to describe the murder of officers by enlisted men in Vietnam.

83. The region of Cambodia occupied by invading American troops was known as _____.

84. When did the bombing of North Vietnam begin?

85. What was the peak number of United States troops in Vietnam? When?

86. The battle at _____, where terrible American casualties were sustained, brought on a bitter denunciation of the Nixon administration by Senator Edward Kennedy.

87. A three-month battle in 1972 in ________ left this South Vietnamese city in ruins.

88. General _____ of the Air Force admitted that he ordered unauthorized raids on North Vietnam.

VI. Media

89. *Ramparts* magazine was originally affiliated with the _____ Church.

90. _____ was the reporter who announced over radio that Daniel Ellsberg had leaked the Pentagon Papers.

91. LBJ broke with what columnist, once a strong supporter, over his very early opposition to his Vietnam policies?

a. James Reston
b. Stewart Alsop
c. Joe Alsop
d. Walter Lippmann
e. Rowland Evans

92. _____ sang "The Ballad of the Green Berets."

93. _____, the late Nobel Prize winner for literature who was known for the sympathy he showed for the underprivileged in his writing, disappointed many of his fans by his support of the war.

94. Who became the first American correspondent to file dispatches from Hanoi when he visted the North Vietnamese capital at the end of 1966?

95. ____, a correspondent for ___, broke the story about American soldiers burning down a village to "save it from the enemy."

96. _____, the head of CBS News, resigned in protest over the station's decision to broadcast *I Love Lucy* reruns rather than Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings.

97. *The Armies of the Night*, by _____, is an account of the Oct. 22, 1967, march on the _____.

98. What was the first major (1,000,000-plus circulation) magazine to come out editorially against the war? When?

99. The name of the John Wayne film which glorified the American presence in Vietnam was ______.

100. What magazine ran photos of one week's American dead in Vietnam?

Answers on page 50

How we lost the war and won the peace

A member of the class that entered college just before the abdication of LBJ and graduated just after the release of the Pentagon Papers tries to recall what he and some friends did for four long years

By Frank Rich

> "I walked clear across the Yard and up a little hill and then I was standing in front of the Lamont Library . . . . I simply looked at myself in the mirror the light made of the window . . . . I looked, but the outside of me gave up little information about the inside of me. I wished I could scoot around to the other side of the window, faster than light or sound or Herb Clark on Homecoming Day, to get behind that image and catch whatever it was that looked through those eyes . . . . What was it inside me that had turned pursuit and clutching into love, and then turned it inside out again? What was it that had turned winning into losing, and losing—who knows—into winning?"
>
> —Philip Roth, *Goodbye, Columbus*

1. Lonely Nights

Some people went to school at Coral Gables, where the sun (I've heard) is always out and you can play on the surf and get a tan. Some people went to school at Kent State, which is in the flat Midwest (although there are a few convenient hills—convenient, I mean, if you are a member of the local National Guard and would like to lower your rifle and take a shot at a student). Others went to Howard University, which is in Washington, D.C., an all-around convenient place itself if you were the kind of person who demonstrated against the war policies of two administrations (in which case, to participate, you'd only have to cross the park that separates the black and white sections of the nation's capital and you'd be there, at the White House or the Capitol or the Justice Department). As for me, the only place I can really talk about is where I went to school, which was Harvard, in Cambridge, and sometimes I feel that the important thing to remember about Cambridge is the snow.

In the winters the snow would pile up to heights beyond reason on streets with names like Mt. Auburn and Plympton and Mass. Ave: from Thanksgiving to March there was no end to it. A cruel wind, the kind that adds that "chill factor" to the thermometer reading, would whistle through the narrow alleys, the baroque courtyards and the labyrinth of one-way streets that make up the place, transforming the craggy landscape not into a winter wonderland but into a dark and smoky Siberia, a no-man's land. In Harvard Yard, where the freshmen live and where (it is said) George Washington once spent the night, gob-like flakes would hang perpetually in the air, illuminated by the solitary glare of the tall lamps that are there to aid the bundled masses going to and from Lamont Library, which is at the top of a hill that also accommodates the university president's mansion, the faculty club and the Freshman Union. Lamont looks like any suburban junior high school c. 1955 and was the place where my friends and I were meant to study—it was for this, you see, that we were paying $5,000 a year or going into hock for low-interest loans—but then none of us studied too often, and when we did, we certainly didn't do it at Lamont.

Our minds were on other things and, as it snowed, we would sit around in rooms and occasionally hear the screech of a spinning snow tire from the street—the sound wafting up to us from someplace below, caught in the silent respite between tracks of one long-playing record or another. We would sit around in rooms and talk about what was going on in the world, although now, I guess, most of us would agree that we didn't have all that clear an idea about what was going on. We were growing up then, you might say, and while we rarely (if ever) talked about the problems of growing up, everything we said was, to some degree, an expression of those pains we knew we felt.

Our lives were measured out then and seemingly finite. Our calendar was composed of rock records (*Sgt. Pepper's* had come out as we graduated high school; we'd leave college for the real world to the strains of *Let It Be*) and of assassinations (Martin Luther King and Bobby were the pivotal ones of our time) and of a number of marches to Washington, which usually were called moratoriums, because these were occasions when you stopped doing what you were doing, which was generally doing nothing except being angry, at a high pitch, all the time. Our calendar did not distinguish days from each other, or days from nights, for

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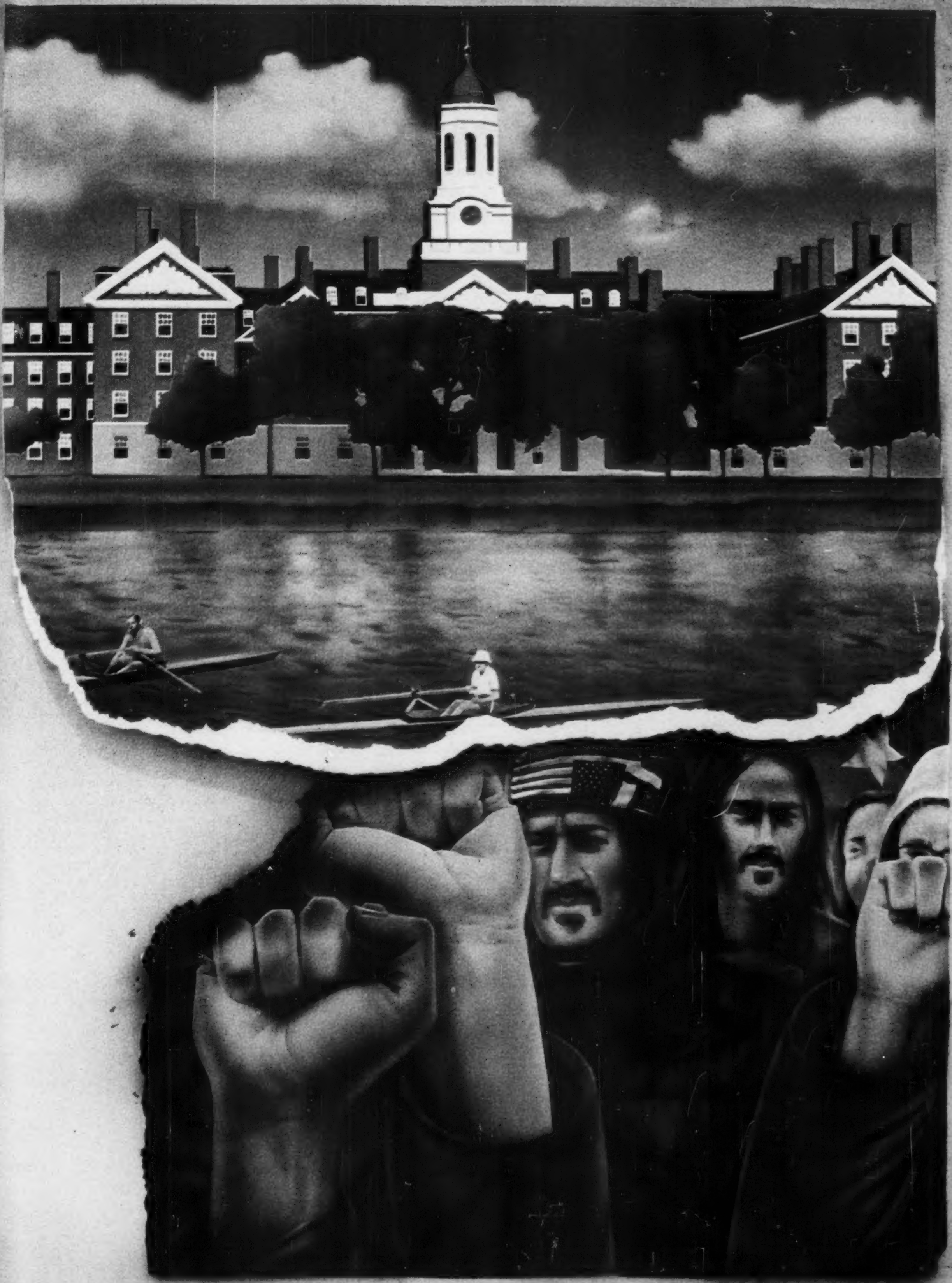

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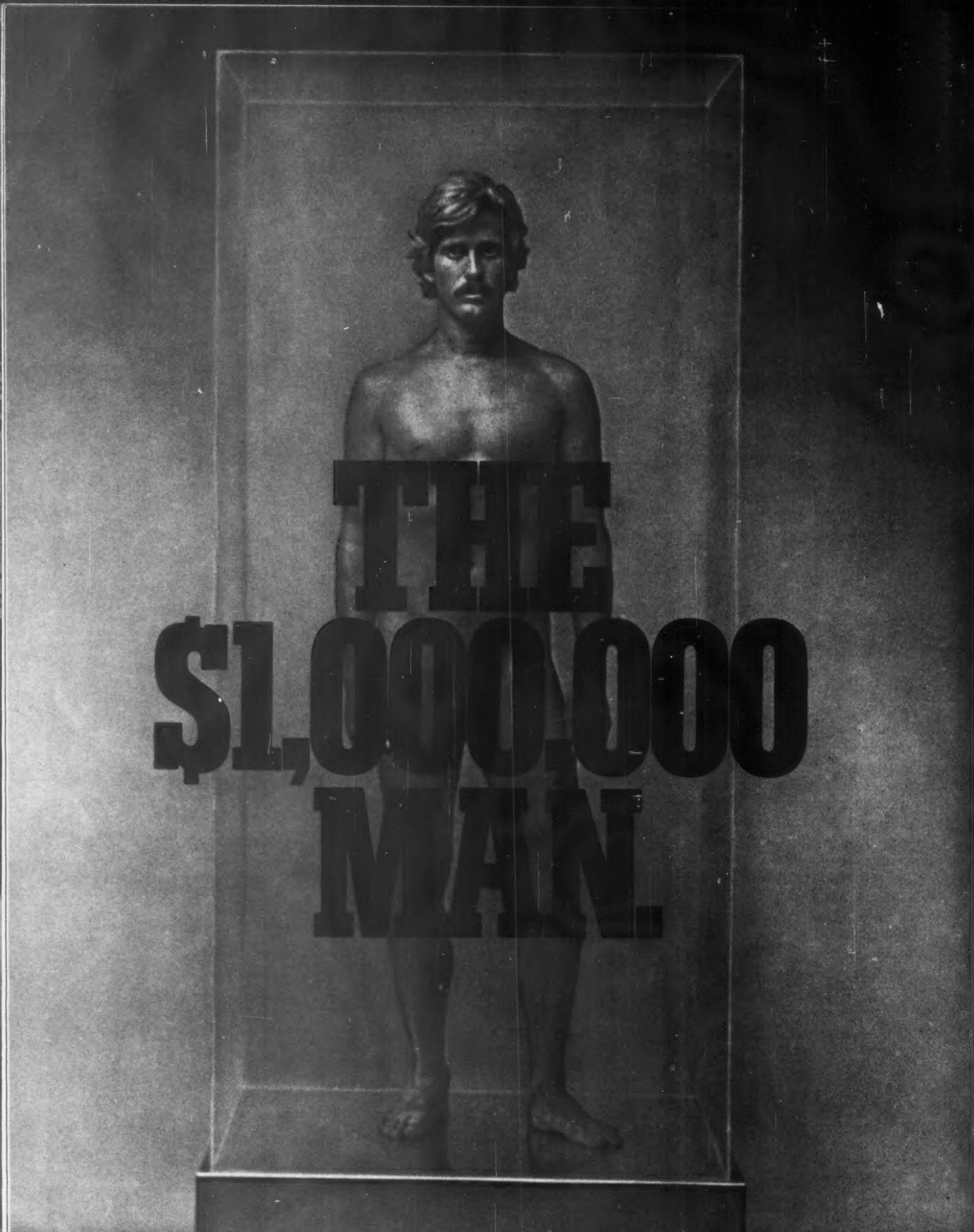
THE
$1,000,000
MAN.

Introducing The Young Professional.™

You and I may struggle through life making ends meet.

Not this guy.

He wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

He earned his.

The hard way.

By battering his way through long, lean, tough years of graduate school.

To become a Doctor.

Lawyer.

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Or MBA.

A Young Professional.

He'll Make And Spend At Least $1,000,000 In His Lifetime.

His sheepskin makes him the hottest target in the market.

His income goes from $0 to $20,000 overnight.

And keeps accelerating.

So he starts spending.

Spending to take on the trappings of his profession.

(You can't wear jeans on Wall Street.)

Spending to "catch-up."

(2 weeks of Caribbean Sun make up for lots of nights spent "cramming.")

And he keeps on spending.

Because he knows one thing for sure:

Doctors Don't Stand In Unemployment Lines.

His profession makes his income damned near recession proof.

(He'll work when others don't.)

And inflation proof.

(As "The Cost of Living" goes, so goes the cost of his services.)

That's why he spends the way he does.

He Doesn't Drink Scotch. He Drinks "Chivas."

Compare him to "Mr. Average."

He not only buys more.[1]

He buys the best.

Examples?

6 times more Chivas Regal.

7 times more Johnny Walker.

11 times more Jack Daniels.

13 times more Tanqueray.

4 times more American and Imported wines.

And 5 times more imported beer.

Stocks, Bonds, Insurance, Mercedes, Marantz And Things.

He'll own 4 times as many stock portfolios over $10,000.

12 times more life insurance policies over $50,000.

3 times more new cars.

3 times more foreign cars.

6 times more sailboats.

And enough "heavy duty" hi-fi, stereo, cameras and color TV's to stock a store.

He'll Get The Chance To Break His Leg At St. Moritz.

He'll travel.

And travel more.

More for business.

And more for pleasure.

Take 5 times more foreign trips.

8 times more domestic plane trips.

Buy 4 times more travellers checks over $200.

And rent 8 times as many cars.

He Doesn't Just Buy Expensive Clothes. He Builds Expensive Wardrobes.

He'll "Pucci" his wife.

"Gucci" his feet.

And have a separate wardrobe for each part of his life-style.

Ski clothes.

Golf clothes.

"Black Tie."

You name it.

It's hanging in his closet.

To Sell Him You Have To Know What Makes Him Tick.

Yes, he knows about Watergate.

Yes, he cares about the grinding social questions we're facing.

But they don't pay the bills.

On top of his list is one thing:

His professional career.

It got him where he is.

It will get him where he's going:

To the affluence, status, prestige, power and influence to really be able to do something about the things most people just talk about.

Talk to him in that context.

And you've got more than a listener.

You've got a customer.

We Reach Over Half Of All Young Professionals. And Nobody Else.

We reach him.

And he listens.

Because his professional career is what we're all about.

We're The Young Professional Group.

We publish 4 magazines 11 times each year:

Medical Dimensions, for young doctors.

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And MBA, for young executives.

Our editorial is unique.

It's divided into two parts:

His professional career.

And his professional lifestyle.

It's the major reason why we are the only medium that reaches over half of all doctors, lawyers, engineers and MBA's 25 to 34.

(And we do that with just one insertion.)

Our circulation base is all young professionals.

And nobody else.

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No fat.

All focus.

One Page In Playboy. Or 8 Pages In Us?

So much for raw Reach.

Now let's talk Frequency.

And Efficiency.

For $42,950 you can buy one page in Playboy.

And reach less than half of The Young Professional Market.

For $43,648 we'll sell you a full color page in 8 issues of all four magazines.

That's not only Reach.

It's Frequency.

Efficiency.

And Good Common Sense.

If that's what you want, talk to your Media Director.

Or call Bill O'Brien at The Young Professional Group, 555 Madison Avenue, New York City 10022 (212) 758-5300.

He'll make one thing clear:

We're the medium where every reader is a $1,000,000 market. All by himself.

The Young Professional Group.
Every Reader is a $1,000,000 Market.

---

[1] W.R. Simmons & Associates Research, Inc. 1972 Subscriber Survey.

no one went to bed at any particular time (if anyone went to bed at all) except, sporadically, to have sex.

And, as we sat there, talking about whatever it was we were talking about, we tended to break the law in any way we could: I do not recall a time when we were not in possession of illegal drugs and it's hard to remember an evening when someone did not openly contemplate the murder of an American president or at least one of his designated aides.

Sometimes there were parties. I remember one where Don, the last person we knew (and we weren't too crazy about him) to endorse a solution to the Vietnam War other than an out-and-out NLF victory, walked over to his closest friend and, without warning, slugged him in the stomach. Don, who was straight as can be and disdained the virtues of mind-altering substances, then took off his clothes and threatened to jump out of a fourth-story window into the snow. (He didn't—he was just trying to tell us he was horny—and soon will join a prestigious New York law firm.) I remember another party at the *Advocate*, the undergraduate literary magazine, where I was outside leaning on a car and fighting with someone whose name I don't recall about a woman I haven't seen in years, and therefore missed another fight that was going on inside, between Norman Mailer and the editor of that literary magazine, who had just called Mailer's wife "a cocktail waitress." Occasionally, during Christmas vacations or the intersessions of February that followed our first-term exams, my friends and I would leave the snows of Cambridge for the dirtier snows of New York or some other city where a sizable number of us lived, and there we would have other parties, in our parents' homes. At one of those gatherings—a New Year's Eve, of course—there was a girl who wandered around asking politely for help. Since most of the celebrants were zonked out of their minds and transfixed by a white Central Park 32 stories below, Susan had difficulty getting anybody's attention—but finally one boy did turn around and listen sympathetically to her plight. "I can do one of two things," he told her in response. "I can fuck you or I can kill you." She nodded her head and walked away and is now a hotshot newspaper reporter somewhere on the West Coast, which means that we don't see much of her anymore.

The people I went to college with had varied politics. There were factions that constantly changed names, divided, regrouped and changed names again. The spectrum was wide, from anarchists to moderates (whatever they were) to Clean-for-Gene Democrats to radical activists (nonviolent) to Weathermen to Progressive Laborites and so on. (There were some people to the right of all of these groups, but you never spent any time with those people then and probably never will.) The most important division was one defined by a smart friend of mine who is now studying to be a doctor. She said once: "There are the people who know and the people who don't know." While this schematic categorization seems almost painfully clear to me, I don't know how to explain it beyond what my friend said. The distinction has little to do with politics and is not a value judgment: if you know, you can still be a schmuck and vice versa. All I can say is that the people I'm concerned about, the people I'm writing about here, are those who *knew*, and, with luck, what they knew will become clear as I move along.

The thing is that in April, somehow, a miracle really, the snow would always melt and that was when almost everybody, those who knew and those who didn't, would go into the streets, in Cambridge, in Boston, in Washington, in Chicago, and you would hear the sound of furious footsteps, of chants and of sirens. That was the time when some of my friends got gassed, some got their heads beaten in and some got arrested.

"We really did think the world was ending. I look back and it's crazy"

There were dislocations then, but, of course, there were a lot of laughs, too.

2. Politics

"It was dawn and a hollow light was all around. The three of us clung to each other and wept and shouted and cursed all at once . . . . I felt a fear that turned to fury and a fury that turned to sorrow and a sorrow that turned to tears and I started to cry and cried and cried until I thought I would never stop."

—Jody Adams, in *The Harvard Crimson*, April 12, 1969

The first year and a half that Sam spent at Harvard, he had trouble getting out of bed. Visitors to his dorm suite, the one he shared with three roommates, were always sure to find him in his bedroom/cubbyhole, floundering around in filthy linens, smoking nonfiltered Philip Morris cigarettes and reading one paperback or another from the flood that surrounded him on every side. Here and there was dirty underwear, and ashes, and notebooks that had been bought for the purpose of taking down various course lectures that Sam never went to.

Sam (and I'm changing some names here) was a prodigious reader—he read everything from obscure literary journals to Mickey Spillane novels to six-week-old newspapers. If, by chance, you happened to leave a book in Sam's room by accident, chances were that he would have read it by the next time you dropped by. Like Thomas Wolfe, who had once come to Harvard to read every book in Widener (the university's mammoth central library), Sam could not get enough to read, and during high school he had read all Pulitzer Prize novels, and then all National Book Award winners, in chronological order. He might have chosen to read every book in Widener, too, if only that task did not require getting up and going there.

That rare printed matter which he didn't devour consisted of the books required for his academic schedule. Sam missed exams regularly and often failed to recall which courses he had signed up for. Once he did an assignment, just for the hell of it. He was supposed to write a three-page history essay on a paragraph from Machiavelli, only Sam wrote 30 pages about the wrong paragraph (he'd garbled the page number in question) and turned it in two months late. But you don't flunk out of Harvard for mistakes like that, and Sam was able to maintain a respectable C+ average.

Like most of the people in his class, Sam came from that gigantic hulk of the population that comprises the American middle class, that segment of the society that, due to its ambitions and prerogatives, always has and no doubt always will block off those crucial paths that lead to meaningful social change. Although Harvard, being Harvard, went out of its way to put together student bodies of ethnic, geographical and economic diversity (though in these inflated times, a family income of $20,000 did not rule out the possibility of a scholarship), nearly everyone spoke a common tongue whose roots derived from large public high schools and home atmospheres steeped in either wry Stevensonian Democratism or (at worst) Eisenhower-Republican namby-pambyism. If a Harvard freshman had been brought up near an Eastern urban center, he might well have participated in a civil rights or antiwar march before arriving at college in the fall of 1967—or even been a member of SDS, in those days when SDS was a generic term that referred to all antiwar

marchers who were not Quakers. . . . Except for any actual political involvement—it wasn't his style—all of this was true of Sam.

It was just as true of George, one of Sam's roommates, a middle-class black from Brooklyn who struck most people as being a genius (a fact George himself conceded) and who often boasted of heady ideological debates back home with James Baldwin and late nights dancing the blues away with Cass Elliot in the then-evolving East Village. George had a mercurial temperament and liked to go off on verbal binges about the bloods in Vietnam that went on for hours and required a great deal of nodding-in-agreement from whomever was listening to him. Sam and George might have become good friends, except that one of those weekends when George claimed to be departing to the big city for a date with Mama Cass at the Electric Circus, he instead remained in Cambridge and set a lot of trash cans on fire in the dorm—after which he disappeared, was whisked away even before Sam got to say goodbye.

One of Sam's other roommates was a tennis-playing joker from Winnetka who went to a dermatologist on Mondays to get his pimples burned off and used to yell at Sam whenever he caught him red-handed with his own, personal bottle of Phisohex. Sam had no use for that guy, so, as much out of default as anything else, his best friend came to be his other roommate, Dick, a Southerner whose father was a college history professor who had recently converted to a kind of maddog evangelicalism. The friendship developed in spite of the fact that Dick was a rep-tied go-getter and a ladies' man, and that Sam was the proverbial schnook (he even kept a collection of his "Dear John" letters, hoping some day to anthologize them). Each late afternoon, as Sam took his daily two-hour shower in preparation for his only regular sojourn to the dining hall (a trip that would be abandoned in the event of a stiff wind, which, Sam feared, might blow off his thinning hair), Dick rattled around in his own small bedroom, neatening up his collection of slim volumes of poetry, polishing his wingtips, affixing an aftershave and putting on a tie and tweedy (i.e., Ivy League) jacket in preparation for a later appearance at a mixer, whether at Wellesley or Lesley Teachers' College or B.U. or Simmons or even Radcliffe.

In freshman year, when I knew them best, Sam and Dick had vicious fights. Dick, sitting in the living room on the gutted Salvation Army couch with its stuffing coming out, would defend the war in fiery terms, usually invoking James Dickey verse in behalf of his imperialist cause and drowning out Sam's half-developed arguments (all from books) until each and every screaming match would end in a standoff: Sam would go back to bed. Late at night, when the last mixers were over and there was nothing else to do but reconcile one's self to beating off (women weren't allowed in dorms then), Dick would drive Sam wild by calling up random Radcliffe girls and, affecting a "nigger" accent, threatening to rape them on their way to certain classes the following day.. This offended Sam's sense of decency, although George, before he vanished, thought Dick's racist banter pretty funny.

During sophomore year, I lost all but superficial track of Dick and Sam. I heard, during the snow season, that they had banded together to form a film society, which surprised me, since Dick had always expressed scorn for movies except Bergman pictures, and that they were kicking off with a Godard retrospective, which surprised me even more. (Their projectionist was a simple-minded guy whose father was found guilty of a Watergate crime two months ago.) Sometimes I saw Sam walking through the Yard, puffing on a Philip Morris and at least approximating the stride of someone who had a sense of purpose, though he still held a hand to his head to protect his hair.

As the snow began to melt that spring, I spent more and more time at the *Crimson*, the student newspaper, where my own best friends gathered daily. We'd hang around the paper's sweaty hot-type press-and-composing room in the basement, around the main-level newsroom with its strewn yellow copy paper and half-empty Coke bottles, around the genteel-shabby "sanctum" upstairs, where, at least once a week, 40 or 50 editors would come out of the woodwork to stake out editorial positions and debate them. At the *Crimson*, like every other place in Cambridge, people talked without letup all the time—which may be a part of why the occupation of University Hall (a white colonial structure in the Yard that housed deans' offices) proved such an exhilarating experience. For at least an hour, everyone shut the hell up.

That hour took place on the morning of April 10, 1969, when Nathan Pusey, the grey-haired nonentity who ran Harvard and about whom the best (and only) thing to be said is that he looked like a retouched picture of himself, pulled a Grayson Kirk and sent Mongol hordes of police, led by state cops in boots, jodhpurs and riot helmets, through the Yard and up the steps of the occupied hall as hundreds of spectators took it all in. Inside there were about 200 remaining demonstrators (at times during the 17-hour takeover the crowd had been as high as a thousand, making it impossible to move around within the large building), a diverse group that included (besides the majority of serious, if factionalized politicos) such types as (someone later wrote) "some people from the Loeb [Drama Center], a couple of guys from the Fly Club [one of the last aristocratic fraternities], at least one from the *Lampoon*, and one in a tuxedo who just came from a party and was drunk." Discontent in Cambridge had long since crossed party, class and social lines.

The cops arrived at daybreak, their baby-blue helmets shimmering futuristically in the tacky silver light, and I remember standing there with a notebook amidst cries of "Sieg Heil!" and "ROTC must go!" watching the attack, hearing the screams and shattered glass, running over to a boy in a wheelchair who had just been pummeled by billy clubs even though he was a hundred yards from University Hall. Somehow I found my friends and together we ran up to an administrator whom we had previously considered a friend and screamed at him at the top of our lungs, telling him that he and others would pay for the blood on the steps of the building that the cops had violated.

We never got a literal pound of retributive flesh, for the bust had such a traumatic effect on the school population that 11,000 students and faculty converged in the football stadium to vote a strike and endorse, in one form or another, the occupiers' demands (among which were the abolition of ROTC and Harvard slumlording and the establishment of an Afro-studies department). Once that triumphant and heady meeting was over, everyone started talking again—except to the people who had been on the wrong side the week before and who were now joining together (in that great expression from '60's lingo) to "co-opt" the strikers' demands.

Leaflets spewed forth from a hundred mimeograph machines, thousands of T-shirts boasted silk-screened power fists, every arm a blood-red armband. There were movies and guerrilla theater in the Yard, girls selling stuffed teddy bears in the Square (thereby establishing the area as a street people's panhandling mecca for years to come) and at least six meetings to attend every day and night. It was a carnival where anything could happen and just about everything did. My most bizarre memory is of Mr. A. Nony Mous (as he identified himself), a diminutive white-haired parent who came into the *Crimson* one day and bought dozens of full-page ads for an organization he called "All Students for a Goodness Society," of which "Faith" was to be "the essential foundation" and the golden rule the only charter. These ads, some of which were blank pages and others of which contained cryptic doggerel, ran for weeks to no apparent effect; indeed no one seemed to notice them. In the atmosphere of that spring, no phenomenon was too batty not to be absorbed.

Leaflets spewed forth from a hundred mimeograph machines, and every arm boasted a blood-red armband

It was in this period, right after the bust, that I reestablished contact with Dick and Sam. They, I learned, had been in the direct path of the police entering University Hall; their screams had been mingled with the cries I had heard that dawn and Sam's blood was among that which had painted the steps. Now Sam had forsaken his bed and Dick had dropped his polished manners, tweeds and Florsheims for an expanding consciousness, work shirts and combat boots. Because of his crazy right-wing Southern background, Dick, rather uniquely among Harvard political activists, had been disowned by his parents; unlike Sam, he would not be able to go home again.

So Dick sold his slim volumes of poetry and everything else in his possession to go live with the structuralists of Paris' Left Bank after graduation. Sam joined up with a still-extant antiwar group and went to Hanoi to survey the U.S.-inflicted horrors. I've heard he lectures at colleges around the country now, but I've never seen him.

I finally lost touch with both of them until a month ago when a friend of mine, Peter, called from Detroit to say he'd spotted Dick by chance at a labor demonstration there. Dick works in a factory now and lives in a Marxist collective, and when he gave Peter his phone number, he also gave him a name by which to ask for him when he calls. It turns out that Dick doesn't go by his old name anymore and that the people he lives with these days know nothing of the identify he had in the past, when he used to do impersonations of black rapists and strike fear into the hearts of women he never met.

3. Drugs

"It's all one. Choices were invented by someone in the first marketplace who wanted to sell something. 'Would you like some of this or some of that which looks and tastes exactly the same?' he said to the first Westerner. And the Westerner chose.

"Don't look for Eastern Religion in someone else's meditation classes. Find it by watching the sun come up between two obelisks in Mount Auburn Cemetery. Find Eastern Religion in decent and clean living. Even better is to let it find you."

—Anne de Saint-Phalle, in an article on
Richard Alpert, *The Harvard Crimson,*
April 23, 1969

In the aftermath of Harvard's biggest bust, there were more parties than ever before. No longer the small groups, the cliques, passing joints and sipping wine in shadowy dorm living rooms, but big blowouts, with stomping group dances and strangers wearing red armbands as bandanas to catch their sweat. There was deafening amplification and never a class to worry about the next day.

At one party, one of the best-known leaders of the University Hall occupation showed up, although he made sure that no ideological inconsistency could be attributed to his behavior. He had a Viet Cong flag on his chest, slogans written all over his body, an arrow on his navel pointing to his crotch and a picture of Nixon pasted on his prick. He sang what he said was the North Vietnamese national anthem and freely admitted that he was on speed.

Love Story aside, real love stories took place then. In the fall of '69, in the aftermath of the Harvard upheaval and the summer of Woodstock, Bob and Linda met each other. They were in Washington

for the Moratorium, and Bob first spoke to Linda at the Justice Department skirmishes, where she was taking pictures that she never had processed. They talked about things like the respective effects of heroin, amphetamine and acid, which had recently been the subject of long articles in the school paper, and the next day they drove to Cambridge and spent the day at her off-campus apartment, nearly all of it in bed.

Linda was a graduate of a New England boarding school, where she had fought and won a battle with a weight problem, achieving stunning results that caused her to be the most circled entry in the copies of *The Radcliffe Freshman Register* that occupied the phone tables of most Harvard dorm rooms. Linda wanted to be a writer, like either Virginia Woolf or Anais Nin (this in the days before the women's movement was an articulated phenomenon), and every night she wrote entries in a ledger book with her Rapidograph pen. She never wore less than six rings and smoked Gauloise cigarettes.

Bob was more political than Linda, but not so much more that he didn't have the time to spend at least 14 hours with her every day. He was anxious to trip with Linda, for the previous May he had done so with Sally and had had a good time. Bob and Sally had tripped across the Charles River bridge together, then back to a Chinese restaurant in the Square where they had ordered four dishes and eaten only rice, then to his room where they had fallen asleep in a clutching embrace and awakened the next morning to discover that it was a beautiful day, which, like every day since the strike began, required them to do nothing but walk around and listen to music and pick up the latest strike literature and chit-chat with friends they saw along the way. Bob had never seen Sally after that, except to say hello, for she said she was "going with the flow," was fasting and claimed she could no longer speak.

Linda was a different person altogether from Sally, and when she agreed that they should drop some mescaline before going to the Stones concert, she said so with a threatening edginess to her voice. It was Thanksgiving weekend and she wore a black kerchief around her neck and a black leotard, set off only by a violet Marimekko shirt that she wore open, like a jacket. She had painted black circles under her eyes.

They each took a capsule of mescaline and waited in her somber apartment, counting the hours until it was time to walk to the subway and take the train into Boston for the concert. Their friend John came by to pick them up on his way, and, when he got there, Linda was in the kitchen pouring sugar on the floor and Bob was in the living room, stumbling over furniture and giggling hysterically. John took each of them by the hand and led them to the Harvard Square subway entrance.

As the train got closer and closer to Boston Garden, a contingent from every college in the area piled in, until the crush became fierce. At the Boston Garden itself, John left Bob and Linda alone to find their seats while he took his own, then checked back on them just in case and found them, ten minutes later, standing right where he had left them, staring at their stubs and laughing at them, unable to see the connection between the letters and numbers on those scraps of cardboard and the bright orange seats that were theirs for the evening. John led them to their seats on the first elevated level, and later, as the concert began in the packed hall, Linda took Bob's hand and said they should find John, wherever he was, because she had the distinct impression that her brains were spilling out of her left ear.

It was completely dark except for the spotlight on the warm-up act (B.B. King), but Linda elbowed her way forward, Bob holding onto her, until finally they were somewhere around the tenth row of the orchestra floor, standing on someone's lap, flowing back and forth with the crowd that seemed to be carrying them now. If Jagger had told him to go out and kill all the cops he could find, Bob thought, he would have done so, so hooked up was he to the entertainer's psychic waves, but Jagger didn't issue that command. Linda said that Mick was telling her to collect her brains, so she cupped a hand around her left ear and pushed the grey matter back into her skull.

When it was all over and the lights came on, Bob and Linda let themselves be pushed by the surging mass, until somehow they ended up in the van of some friend of Linda's, who turned out to be an old high-school girlfriend of Bob's whom he had not seen in two years. Bob had trouble remembering her name, although the girl told it to him several times, just as he had trouble remembering Linda's name or where they were. He could not get the idea out of his head that he was in Chicago.

Back at Linda's apartment sometime later, Bob figured out where he had landed, and sat by the kitchen table for a while, enjoying the strange peace of residential Cambridge just before the first snowstorm of the year, until Linda appeared in the doorway, sobbing peculiarly. Her voice seemed at odds with her facial contortions and her eyes rolled around in her head (or were they his eyes?). She walked over to him and opened a clenched fist, revealing several dozen bright red capsules, glittering jewels that might have been jumping beans with ball bearings inside or vitamins, but could possibly be more dangerous—so Bob, figuring this out, knocked them out of her hand and onto the dirty linoleum floor.

The eruptions subsided and a few weeks later they read with interest of the murder at the Stones' concert at Altamont. They stayed in love until that summer, the end of their junior year, at which point she got a job with a leading fashion publication and he buckled down and wrote his honors' thesis, which enabled him to graduate magna cum laude.

4. An Unhappy Ending

"What did we do then? We must have said a million times, the war is destroying us, the world is ending, which was saying nothing except that we were totally lost. I really had no conception that I had any way to survive. It was incredible. Once I saw Jack walking up Plympton Street and he told me how he didn't see any way for his life to end except suicide and I honestly didn't see any reason to contradict that. I didn't see any other end myself."
—from a conversation with a friend, July, 1974

One of my idols around the time of the strike was a guy a class ahead of me whom I and my other friends considered to be about the best writer that we knew among our contemporaries. In Mailer-like fashion he'd sometimes refer to himself as only "the boy" in his *Crimson* articles, and it's probably best that I borrow that rhetorical device to talk about him now.

The boy had come to Harvard from a hushed environment, a home cushioned from the raucous chaos of America by old money and lots of it, which may be the last kind of soundproofing left in these United States. When he first arrived at school, he followed his St. Paul's instincts by joining the right social clubs, wearing tuxedos at the right times (he may be the only friend I've ever known to own one), getting drunk in tipsy moderation and speaking only quietly, and politely, in a language that placed a great deal of stock in words like "charming." He also had a laugh, a bass giggle, that seemed to come from somewhere else, that had not been assimilated from either a book or his upbringing.

As we got to know the boy, we found that he had other habits, too, most of which were appealing. Sometimes, in the middle of a conversation, he would drift away and shake his head rapidly in the air until his hair covered his face and he could not see. When he entered a room, he would often arch his slim frame, as though he were going into a trance no one else could ever share—his eyes would be glazed and his breath held in and he would be effectively cut off from every sound and action in the *Crimson* newsroom or wherever he happened to find himself. We had no idea whether or not he took drugs.

***Love Story* aside, real love stories took place then**

My friends and I found ourselves talking to the boy more and more. We admired him, but, more than that, we were impressed by his kind blue eyes and his astonishingly rare talent, the ability to listen. I still believe he is the gentlest person I have ever known in my life.

When we talked with the boy, often in the *Crimson* "features cubicle" we painted together one lazy afternoon, we'd try to bring him out about himself—we cared and we were dying of curiosity—but he never talked about his own life in any detail. He was truly generous, in that he only wanted to hear about our own neuroses, and he was also, we decided, painfully shy.

We thought he understood us and we were right. After he went to Esalen at the beginning of 1969, he came back and wrote about people like us in the *Crimson,* at the same time betraying an optimism about himself that we were glad to see even if we lacked it for ourselves. "Although his friends seemed to be losing their minds, beaten down, torn apart," the boy wrote, "he still believed there was good in this: He thought that despite the horror of this battle-worn, war-crazy, falling-apart world, there was still room in it for men to be heroic, to love, to experience joy in all its intensity." At Esalen, the boy had learned how to be "safe in his breathing," and everyone who knew him was both fascinated and envious.

A few months later, the boy was in University Hall and he wrote about that experience, too: "For those few hours we *were* brothers and sisters. . . . . You had to realize—whatever your politics and whatever your tactics—that we were very beautiful in University Hall, we were very human and we were very together." What was really at stake, he said, was "not a political revolution, but a human one." That summer he went to Greece and wrote a novel, which was published just before he graduated, and the oddest contrivance in it was the way he interrupted the main story (a fairly conventional college romance) from time to time to reprint his *Crimson* articles about Esalen and about the bust, as if there were no means to integrate the cathartic public events of the past year with a narrative of the more conventional aspects of his personal life.

The boy graduated after that, and by the fall of 1971 we had, too. The boy's friends were spread out all over the place and could not be together to assimilate the shot heard around our world, the one with which he killed himself. So, letters were exchanged and theories advanced.

"Well, with all this fucking dispassionate journalism—Radcliffe committee meetings, McCarthy is a Fake for President stories, House Wine Cellars closed by State Beverage Agency—people are committing suicide so fast the *Crimson* decided not to print any of the stories anymore," wrote one of the boy's friends who was still hanging around Cambridge. "You heard about the boy blowing his brains out. The *Crimson* ran a sympathy obit. The story is unprintable in a journal of fact. At a party, this girl came up to me and asked why I thought he did it. I mentioned his romanticism, the fog that he always seemed to have around him, the eyes that poked out from under his curly bangs, the eyes that were so physically clear and so emotionally opaque, the frozen, nervous smile, the ghostly party for his book at the boathouse. *'But why did he do it?'* she asked. The best answer I had was a rambling guess. His dreams were too much like dreams. One night maybe he saw himself giving more credit to ideals than God would and it drove him mad. How do I know? On the way back from the party I asked Steve if he could imagine why the boy killed himself. Steve said, why bother?

Who could imagine? No purpose in such speculation. . . . Once I borrowed $10 from the boy and never paid it back."

Someone else wrote: "The news about the boy: very real, too real, too comprehensible. Like in Fitzgerald: the people who were giving parties in 1928 are jumping out of windows in 1929. That's the whole thing really: those days that brought some of us very close to the brink are over and though most of us have come back, not everybody can. God, a lot of balloons are bursting in my head. Here we are, in 'normal society' again, and there he is. That's why we can't forget about that past we were all a part of, even if that condemns us to lives of perpetual dissatisfaction and contempt for the world around us."

A lifelong friend of the boy's wrote: "I don't think anyone could have pulled him out of the despair he felt for the world, which in turn meant despair and utter loneliness for himself. . . . I believe that he saw no way that he could accomplish what he wanted in this world, so rather than live in misery and frustration, he did what was best for him. I love him for having the guts to do it."

5. Happy Days

It's all over now and not so immediate. You go to the grocery store and see Saran Wrap on the shelves and have to think twice before you remember that it's made by Dow Chemical of napalm fame. You watch Lowell Weicker being indignant about Nixon on TV and forget completely that he got into office by defeating a McCarthy-supported antiwar candidate that everyone was ecstatic about in 1970. Some people are the subject of FBI files (I actually saw mine, though could not leaf through it, as a result of weird circumstances in the winter of 1971), but we also have credit cards and can consume with the best of them.

Although people like Dick and Sam worked hard and still do, the spring of 1969 was the end of the Movement, even if we didn't realize it at the time. The Days of Rage in Chicago and the Moratorium that fall (I think I got my last whiff of tear gas around the South Vietnamese embassy then and thought it was more funny than disturbing), the strikes that followed the Cambodian "incursion" and Kent State and Orangeburg—these were all reruns, holding actions that were meaningless in the face of Nixon and "Vietnamization." The police had learned their lessons by then, had started to act with what at least passed for restraint, and fewer people were radicalized: the Movement peaked at what was probably its highest natural level.

By the spring of senior year, when Dan Ellsberg started to hang around the *Crimson* in what would turn out to be the months before he entered history, we had long since lost the fervor that he, with his enormous reservoir of Rand-guilt, felt down to his bowels. People who had been angry since the mid-'60s, for their entire adolescence and post-adolescence, were exhausted now, and Ellsberg was just too tiring to be with. He was laudable and heroic perhaps, but not someone to feel comfortable with as a friend. And, after all, where had he been when everyone else had brought a President to his knees?

At least he had been to Vietnam, which could not be said for any of us. We had high lottery numbers or psychiatrists' letters or CO deferments, and it was not our brothers who died in the course of saving Asia from Godless Communism.

When David—who, along with Carol, was one of the two people I sat and smoked with every night during those morbid winters—was a freshman at law school, he wrote me in London, where I was living and adjusting, and explained how he was doing likewise: "You see, it's like this: Life just isn't as exciting as we wanted it to be in College. I can get about as involved in legal minutiae as I was in *Crimson* and apocalyptic-radical close-up trivia—writing heds, talking about demonstrations, smoking dope, baiting deans, replacing commas. (What a peculiar summary of college? You see how mature I am.) You know? . . .

People who had been angry since the mid-'60s, from their entire adolescence, were exhausted now

"I am no longer alienated youth. But what am I? I didn't join the law school radical rag. I'm not even a radical apparently (although I was no-shit thrilled when China got admitted to the UN). How can I explain? I would like to say that I am a radical, but not a mindless radical, but that is, well, not acceptable, comrade. I'm sorry I wasted so many boring hours sitting stoned, talking nonsense, staring at the walls. But all in all, if things are as good for you as they are for me, you don't think about leaping into the Thames."

David and I saw each other a few weeks ago—he's taking the bar exam now and is staying in my apartment while I go on vacation—and talked some more, about the time I visited his home town, a place of 10,000 people along the Ohio River which did lose some sons to Vietnam and where David will never go back. Only with a concerted effort did we talk about the past, for we like to enjoy ourselves now and dredging up that crazy time of five years ago puts a damper on any conversation. We got into it by talking about the editorial we wrote suggesting that if the fire that burned down Harvard's ROTC building "slows the American war machine, the flames will do a lot for Cambridge's skyline." (As if burning down the entire state of Massachusetts would have stopped the war . . . what were we thinking of?) And about the time that he and I and another roommate went down to Sears one morning and, without premeditation, bought a color TV—which may have been our one actual existential act of the entire period.

"Our politics haven't changed at all," David says now. "They've just become more mainstream because of Watergate. In that sense, Watergate has saved us—and the press, too—from being out of place. I'm cynical, but who isn't? Everybody, but everybody, knows now that the world is a piece of shit and everyone is crooked and there's nothing more that you can do about it individually. Even Watergate has accomplished nothing except a pitiful little bit of campaign reform. . . .

"There was a national nervous breakdown then and we were, in some ways, on the cutting edge—but maybe it doesn't matter anymore. Everybody's into having a pleasant life these days—that's the chief way in which we've changed. I no longer think it helped anything for me to be so masochistic. There isn't much we did or said or acted that I'm ashamed about, but how could I have been so unhappy for so long? We really did think the world was ending. I look back and it's crazy. I didn't have any view of my life beyond a couple of years. Now I think more and more about when I'm 40 I want to do these things, and when I'm 50 I want to do these things. I think I'll be living some sort of healthy life, have nice friends, not abuse my body too much, maybe not read the New York *Times* anymore but keep aware somehow; and I think I'll be able to do these things without compromising myself out of existence. . . . But I couldn't have a good life until I resolved all that bitterness. I had to feel I was a real person who wasn't living in this sick, redeemless society. I had to have some respect for myself and believe I wasn't just this awful person living in this awful world. Now I do, but it's hard to separate from the normal processes of aging."

For David, perhaps the healthiest fallout of the Vietnam period was women's liberation, which came of age, as he puts it, "when women were getting the coffee for Movement guys." Carol agrees with him and, when we went out for dinner last week (she's home from the West to spend the summer with her parents), she talked about the year or two it took to make the connections between her own despair and a larger pattern in the society she inhabited. "I kept telling everyone that the world was falling apart," she said, "when it was really I who was falling apart. I'd sit around with all the men, then everyone passed out and there was only me, and I'd leave and take a cab back to Radcliffe. By then it would be 3:00 in the morning and I'd fall asleep, fully dressed, for an hour with all the lights on, then get up and wash my hair and go to my 9:00 class. I was completely unaware of what was wrong. I felt awkward and ugly and I couldn't tell anyone how I was feeling. I thought the causes were the symptoms."

In the spring of her senior year, Carol wrote in the *Crimson:* "In which the Graduating Senior says Goodbye. Signs off, wraps it up, shuts up, throws up, gives up, stops spewing words, there are no more words, THERE'S NOTHING TO SAY, you've said that already, but I hate giving up, there must be some more, I don't want any more, THERE IS NOTHING MORE . . . . Aaaaarrrrggg!" But there was more.

"I can't explain how weird it is," she wrote me a year later. "Lately I feel like I'm living in a movie and for sanity retreat into books. I have a real urge to read everything ever written about women. Virginia Woolf made me want to hurry up and write some books; Simone de Beauvoir made me want to find a Sartre. I wish I had more of a sense of purpose or, lacking that, a sense of belonging somewhere. The urge to crawl into a wall is there, but counterbalanced by the urge to go out and do something great, be brilliant, save the world. I know just the kind of woman I'd like to be."

And so now Carol is that woman, or at least well on her way. She's reading about women at Stanford now; in her spare time she teaches women about women in a high school and at a college. "I'm still a radical," she said last week as we were having dinner. "I was so miserable then, but we learned things. The excitement after University Hall. The blood on the steps. I think it made us more interesting, because now you can understand craziness and everything else. We were in the heart of the heart of the beast back then, but, you know, I think I'm more of a radical now than I ever was before."

Then she told me about her life in California, where, she said, it never snows.●

Answers to Viet Quiz

Prologue

1. Ho Chi Minh
2. Bao Dai
3. (e)
4. May 8, 1954
5. (b)
6. The United States
7. Dwight D. Eisenhower
8. The National Liberation Front
9. (a)
10. advisers
11. July 1959. Two advisers were killed in a terrorist attack on Bien Hoa.

Kennedy

12. Lyndon Johnson
13. Edward Lansdale. *The Ugly American*.
14. Dean Rusk
15. Ngo Dinh Diem
16. Roman Catholic
17. (d)
18. In the U.S.
19. 3 months

Johnson

20. 1966
21. teach-ins
22. (d)
23. Robert McNamara
24. The Maddox; (c)
25. Wayne Morse (D-Oregon) and Ernest Gruening (D-Alaska)
26. none
27. Undersecretary of State George Ball
28. Hubert Humphrey; Robert Kennedy's
29. a. NLF is gonna win
    b. How may kids did you kill today?
    c. Is give peace a chance
    d. We don't want your fuckin' war

30. Dow Chemical Corporation
31. General Curtis LeMay
32. General Lewis B. Hershey
33. (a)
34. (c)
35. Vietnam Summer
36. LBJ
37. a-y; b-z; c-x
38. Julian Bond
39. Dr. Howard Levy
40. (e)
41. Ramsey Clark
42. The "peace" candidate in the 1967 Vietnamese election, jailed by Thieu after finishing a close second. He was later found to have been involved in massive corruption.
43. (a)
44. (c)
45. (b)
46. March (30), 1968
47. May 10, 1968
48. The shape of the conference table.
49. Averell Harriman.Henry Cabot Lodge replaced him when Nixon took office.
50. Madame Binh

Nixon

51. Moratorium Day. "No Business As Usual."
52. April 30, 1970; incursion
53. ROTC
54. (c)
55. two
56. John Mitchell
57. (d)
58. Con Son Island
59. none
60. Lon Nol
61. (b)
62. H. Ross Perot
63. Son Tay; none
64. Jerry Wilson
65. mining North Vietnamese ports
66. Vietnamization
67. The 1972 presidential election
68. Olof Palme of Sweden
69. Le Duc Tho

Fighting

70. (c)
71. Montagnards
72. General Vo Nguyen Giap
73. Iron Triangle
74. M-16
75. Air America
76. Hue
77. (e)
78. 25; one
79. Americal
80. The plan for sustained bombing of North Vietnam
81. Khe Sanh
82. Fragging
83. Parrot's Beak region
84. December 1964
85. 543,400 in April 1969
86. Hamburger Hill
87. Quang Tri
88. John D. Lavelle

Media

89. Catholic
90. Sidney Zion
91. (d)
92. Barry Sadler
93. John Steinbeck
94. Harrison Salisbury of the New York *Times*
95. Morley Safer; CBS
96. Fred Friendly
97. Norman Mailer; Pentagon
98. *The Saturday Evening Post*; 1967
99. *The Green Berets*.
100. *Life*

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The Third Indochina War

First the French, then the Americans and now the Americans again—covertly

The war in Vietnam has not gone away. As much as most Americans would like to believe it is over, to forget it ever happened, to think that at least the American involvement has been ended, the simple facts are that the U.S. still pumps millions of dollars and hundreds of technical advisers into a still corrupt South Vietnamese government for the same bankrupt purpose of holding power against the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese.

Fred Branfman, co-director of the Indochina Resource Center, monitors the covert American involvement in Vietnam probably closer than anyone else. In a recent appearance before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, Branfman made the following statement and provided the latest governmental statistics to document how extensive the U.S. support for the war continues to be:

"One of the dominant, if least understood, facts of this latter half of the twentieth century is that we have entered an era characterized by a new form of war-making, a phenomenon we call *Presidential covert* war. By this we mean that Executive leaders of today's superpowers have opted *away* from conventional or nuclear war and *towards* war by proxy—'low-profile' war, in which they rely on intensive use of technology and relatively few technicians to wage clandestine war abroad largely without the knowledge or consent of their own people. . . .

"Most Americans are overwhelmingly opposed to our continued war-making in Indochina, and gratefully believe that we are out. After years of demonstrations, letter-writing, draft resistance, civil disobedience, editorials and congressional hearings, the U.S. Congress has responded by making clear its desire that we disengage.

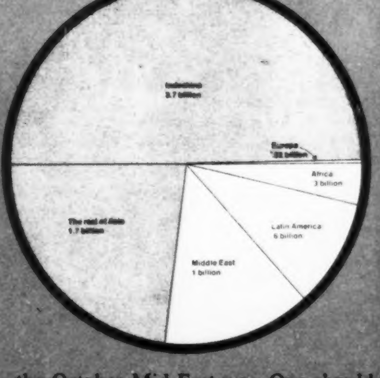
"Despite this public and congressional mandate for disengagement, however, we find the Administration heavily involved in war in Indochina.

—The Administration is proposing to spend $3.7 billion for Indochina, *more* than for the rest of the world combined. This will provide the Thieu and Lon Nol governments with 90 percent of their total resources, including *all* of their war materials.

—Food For Peace to Indochina in fiscal year 1974 totalled 49 percent of worldwide shipments, meaning that 0.8 percent of the world's population received nearly half the world's U.S.-supplied food. Although some 100,000 persons are estimated to have starved to death in the Sahel, for example, Sahel received only 15 percent of what Indochina received—because Food For Peace was indirectly used to finance war last year.

—The latest reports indicate that 350,000 soldiers on both sides in Vietnam alone have been killed and wounded since the ceasefire (UPI, June 11, 1974). This figure is more than *ten times* the total casualties during and after the October Mid-East war. One should also realize that there have been 818,000 refugees in South Vietnam alone since the ceasefire (U.S. Senate Refugee Subcommittee), and many hundreds of thousands of war victims in Cambodia. There were more war victims in Indochina last year than in the rest of the world combined."

According to the latest figures from the Departments of State and Defense, there are 4,784 U.S. government personnel still operating in Vietnam—904 working for either the American embassy or AID and 3,880 serving in a military capacity.



Russian and Chinese Aid to Indochina

	1966-1972	1973	1974
Russia	2.4 billion	175 million	not available
China	1.7 billion	115 million	not available
Total	4.1 billion	290 million	not available

Source: U.S. Department of Defense Intelligence Agency

U.S. Aid to Indochina

	1966-1972	1973	1974	1975 (proposed)
U.S.	101 billion	5.26 billion	2.4 billion	3.6 billion

Source: U.S. Department of Defense

IMPEACH NIXON
MARINE
the MARINES are looking for A FEW GOOD MEN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT FINK

Soldiers of misfortune

By Gloria Emerson

Vietnam was the first American war from which soldiers returned to say they were glad we lost

Sometimes Henschel wanted people to read his artificial leg. He put stickers on it. On the Fourth of July, when he was camping out and demonstrating with the Vietnam Veterans Against the War/Winter Soldier Organization in Washington, D.C., Henschel rolled up his pant leg to show me a new one. It said: "The Marines Are Looking for a Few Good Men."

In 1967, the Marines were looking for Henschel. They got him. Now there are people who find Henschel's humor, and his outlook, quite horrid. It disturbs them when he rolls up his left trouser to show us a shiny, heavy, pinkish leg, which he treats like a bulletin board above the black sock, and the black buckle shoe which will never crease across the toes. When it is very hot, or when he is very tired, Henschel takes off his leg, treating the limb like a lunatic joke, giving it to another veteran to carry.

A veteran carrying Henschel's leg (Henschel, on crutches, in is the background).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT FINK

The trouble with Henschel, and the hundreds of other Vietnam veterans in Washington, D.C., on the Fourth, is that they have not been pacified. In addition, they are suspicious, mocking, bright, unsentimental and their memories are much too good for our comfort.

A former lance corporal in the 2nd Battalion, Fifth Marine Regiment, Henschel is 28 years old now and not what his father, who was a hawk, expected him to be. Henschel keeps showing up at demonstrations. That messy, long war in Indochina which gave the nation a migraine still has some survivors who will not shut up. Once more, they came to the Capitol to be heard.

The police in Washington, D.C., did not feel embarrassed about keeping men like Henschel in line. They had a perfect method for dealing with him. He was simply not there. At the veterans' base camp in the Mall, where they were permitted to stay for four days on the condition that none of them slept there at night, there were always policemen surrounding them. Those aren't Vietnam vets, some of them said. They pointed to the girls, the older women, mothers of the dead or the messed-up and big, baby-faced bearded students too young to have fought in Vietnam. There are no vets here, they said, as several ex-riflemen moved within our view. What the policemen meant to tell me, looking at that bedraggled Army on the Mall, was that there were no real men in there, none of those guys could have been on the line, because the veterans were so unlike them.

It was useless telling them that VVAW is not just for Vietnam antiwar veterans now. It includes women of all ages, students and other people who see what they see and want to correct it. The name "Winter Soldier" came from Thomas Paine's description of how "the summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will in this crisis shrink from the service of his country. . . ." The police have one definition of patriotism; the veterans, many others.

So, in the eyes of the law, nothing happened in Vietnam to William C. Henschel III. He was never inside the Citadel of Hue during the Tet fighting in 1968 and he was not shot in the head. He was not piled on top of a tank with other wounded Marines to be taken out. The tank did not hit a mine and Henschel was not thrown off. The tank did not run over him, crushing the leg below the knee and ripping off part of his buttocks. It did not happen, so there was no Henschel, limping, looking a little pale, shouting, "The people united will never be defeated" and "Kick Nixon out." The police made Henschel laugh.

Everywhere, there were police: park police, metropolitan police and the tough ones for demonstrators, the Special Operations Division. In the Mall I met

Officer Merkle, guarding the perimeter.

He was a Marine; he had been in the Ashau Valley. Merkle says it was the worst time of his life. But to him the demonstrators and their demands were rubbish. He is not sure the war made much sense, or that it was worth the U.S. casualties: 46,205 killed in action; 10,326 killed from other causes; 257,000 severely injured, many of whom survived what once would have been fatal wounds. Nor is he sure that it was worth the $130 billion the United States paid to wage it. Roger Merkle, who fought the war, does not see why he should now have to explain it, or justify it, or make it clear and tidy for the rest of us.

"Wars have always been fought," Merkle said. "It's always been that way." I pointed out a half dozen ex-Marines, wanting him to meet them, just to say hello. He refused. He cannot imagine the motives of ex-Lance Corporal Henschel, who looks a little thin and has a scraggly black beard. Only a few hundred yards lie between the two men but they cannot cross it. They will never meet.

Over 2.3 million American men were sent to Vietnam. One man in seven was in combat. They were the youngest soldiers to ever serve. Eighty-five percent completed high school. One out of five had some college. Few of them had any important experience in work. Sixty-two percent of those who were killed in action, or 35,039 troops, were 21 years of age or younger. According to the Nader report "Troubled Peace, An Epilogue to Vietnam," between 50 and 60 percent of the men in the military during the Vietnam War were drafted or enlisted because of the threat of conscription. It was government policy, the report points out, to defer young men who were pursuing higher education and entering occupations defined to be in the national interest. The heaviest load of the draft, as one sociologist put it, was carried by the "economically more secure sectors of the blue collar working class and lower reaches of the white collar occupations." By 1969, 62 percent of all Army combat deaths were draftees.

"An Army draftee in 1969 had a 23.4 percent chance of becoming a casualty and a 1.7 chance of getting killed. The lower his education and socio-economic background, the higher his chance for each," the Nader report stated.

But there are few hard facts on the living, and on what their problems are now. The Veterans Administration, like the Pentagon, is famous for not disclosing information unfavorable to its own peculiar interests. But, by April 1972, Dr. Marc Musser, then chief medical director of the V.A., had reached certain conclusions that might have been apparent years before. At a Dallas conference of psychologists and psychiatrists, Dr. Musser described the new veteran as "less willing than earlier veterans to accept authority in a compliant manner."

"He feels strongly that he has a right to know and to have a voice in matters that affect him. This appears to be related to his basic sense of identity; he feels that if he is not consulted he does not count, and this is unacceptable to him."

Indeed. Some of the problems of the veterans are so visible and so widespread that they cannot be easily overlooked or excused. Between 1965 and 1971, 550,000 men were convicted by courts-martial, with the highest ratio among blacks. A study for the American Civil Liberties Union, based on Department of Defense figures, estimates 450,000 Vietnam-era veterans have been given less than honorable discharges. All less than honorable discharges—there are five categories—carry with them severe disabilities, including loss of veterans' benefits and fewer job possibilities.

They want Vietnam to be remembered as "the place where America finally turned and they helped in the turning"

Educational benefits provided by the GI Bill of Rights have caused bitter resentment among Vietnam veterans who claim, quite correctly, they are being shortchanged. The V.A. gave a single veteran of World War II $75 a month in living allowance, paying up to $500 in tuition and fees directly to the school or college. Tuition at Harvard, for example, in 1948 was $525. It is now $3,200. A single Vietnam veteran receiving $220 a month cannot even meet the average annual tuition fee for public colleges ($1,765) let alone the normal costs of a private college ($2,500). Nor is he given a living allowance.

Even for those who have college degrees, there are not enough jobs. Unemployment among young veterans rose dramatically in the first three months of 1974. The Bureau of Labor Statistics reported in April that joblessness for the 20- to 34-year-old age bracket jumped 125 percent for non-white veterans and 52 percent for white veterans in the first quarter of 1974. In 1970 and 1971, Vietnam veterans faced a generally bad labor market. Their prospects improved in the next two years until the energy crisis and other factors tightened the job market again, making it most difficult for Vietnam veterans who are younger, less educated, less experienced and have low seniority to hold onto jobs or even to get them. A principal conclusion of the Nader report is put in dry, tight language: "The demands of the new veterans are an intrusion into the operation of the V.A. That is precisely the reverse of how it should be."

So much has been written, so much has been said, about the war in that narrow Asian country. It was America's longest, and most disputed, foreign war. What is rarely mentioned is that it was also the first war which created veterans who came home to praise and support the people they had been sent to kill, interrogate, displace and break. It gave us soldiers who did their duty there and now honor the "enemy." It sent home soldiers who hope the Vietnamese win their revolution, and want to help them. Perhaps it is a sign of health that among those 2.3 million men who saw something of Vietnam, there are some who know why we lost and are glad of it. To have won in Vietnam might have destroyed us. Henschel's father cannot bear this kind of talk. Neither can the fathers of many other men.

A consolation to these parents, and millions of others who may have been saddened or worried by the war, is that these few hundred veterans cannot speak for all the others. They are right, but perhaps it is good for us to hear a few voices rather than none at all.

The veterans had five demands that millions of Americans—the McGovern voters and those who despised the war—might find reasonable and wise. They were: 1) universal unconditional amnesty for all war resisters; 2) implement the peace agreements, end all aid to Thieu and Lon Nol; 3) single type discharge for all veterans; 4) decent benefits for all veterans; and 5) kick Nixon out.

They marched everywhere: to the Veterans Administration, the Court of Military Appeals, the Justice Department, the Capitol Building and past the White House. Up and down the huge, blank, white avenues of Washington they went, in a long lumpy parade with banners held high, shouting their fierce slogans so that the words would bounce off the miles of deadly white marble. But Washington had seen it all before: the raised fists and the fatigue jackets, the steel helmets and the Army canteens. It is, after all, a city that has swelled and shook from huge marches

SOLDIER
AGA

Up and down the huge, blank, white avenues they went, in a long lumpy parade.

against the war and for civil rights, on days when many Americans thought they were making history, although, now, not many of them can recall the speeches or the dates. The first demonstration of Vietnam veterans, which they called Dewey Canyon III, was in April 1971. More than 1,200 veterans—each bearing proof that he had served in Vietnam—came to Washington to take their case directly to the country. They wanted to stop the war, to show their disgust and sorrow at having been part of it. A former Navy lieutenant, speaking for the veterans, told a Senate committee that the men did not want Vietnam just to be "an immoral and obscene memory" but "rather the place where America finally turned and where soldiers like us helped in the turning." It does not matter if these veterans, more than three years later, lean too long and too often on their Marx and Lenin, dropping the dark and lifeless words like "imperialism" and "ruling monopolistic classes" over and over again. It is "the turning" of America they still want to see.

President Nixon is against amnesty, of course. The Department of Defense has said it might set a dangerous precedent and be "detrimental" to military morale and discipline. There are those who think that makes it even finer. According to the American Civil Liberties Union, an estimated 30,000 to 40,000 war resisters are in exile abroad, mostly in Canada. Canada has acknowledged the presence of 20,000 draft-age American men as landed immigrants during the Vietnam War; others, who have an illegal status as immigrants, cannot be counted. A few hundred are in Sweden, England, France and other places. The Department of Defense lists over 32,000 deserters "at large." Some 6,500 men have been convicted in federal courts for draft violations during the Vietnam era, 1965-1973. The Selective Service, according to the ACLU, has referred to the Department of Justice for prosecution some 39,000 additional draft violators. A possible 5,700 draft indictments are pending. Unknown thousands, who never registered for the draft, are subject to prosecution whenever their violation comes to the attention of the government.

Henschel's head wound caused traumatic epilepsy which leads, as the doctors put it, to "seizure disorder." He was in 11 different military hospitals, including those in Vietnam and in Japan. The V.A gives him $584 a month for the epilepsy and an additional $122 for the cut-off left leg. Henschel said that benefits for the most disabled are always okay. "I don't have the knife in my back like a lot of vets," he said. "I'm here more for other people than myself."

If Henschel is for amnesty, one type discharge for all servicemen, an end to aid to Thieu and Lon Nol and better benefits for other veterans, who is there among us to say he is wrong? Henschel has had hard times. He is glad his mother died before she knew how he was wounded. His father came to see him in one of the hospitals and told him, loudly, that he still supported the war. Henschel wanted him out; so did some other wounded. Once, long after that day in the Citadel, when Henschel was home, driving a car, he picked up a hitchhiker who saw something was wrong about the leg. He asked. Henschel answered. The hitchhiker was enraged to be with a man who had killed in Vietnam.

"He said to me, 'I wish you died in Vietnam, fascist pig killer,'" Henschel said. "I told him I didn't want to go there, I didn't. He got out of the car. The guy even took my lighter. There was no way that I could stop him either." Henschel hangs out in a local YWCA in Washington where he volunteers to work with ghetto children. Maybe he will go to college this summer. Nothing is quite certain.

The demonstration ended, as they always do, with speeches. There were 1,700 veterans and others who marched 10 abreast, past the White House to the Ellipse. Five returned prisoners of war, all enlisted men captured in South Vietnam and moved to the North, marched, too. They made antiwar statements in the camps, and refused to back down once they were home. John Young, a former Green Beret, a prisoner for five years, had made his first speech the day before when we marched to the Capitol. There was fighting with the police, who objected to people walking in the streets rather than on the sidewalks. A young, big policeman charged, hitting hard with his stick. Danny Friedman crumpled and collapsed, blood all over his skull. Seven demonstrators were wounded. It was hardest for the youngest to accept: 21-year-old John Dalrymple, of Berkeley, whose older brother was a draft resister in Canada before he died in an automobile accident, had tears in his eyes. I am not sure what makes men cry at times like that. It may be a feeling of helplessness. Dalrymple's large, gentle face looked wet and crumpled for a while. Young was bawling out three policemen who must have said he had never been in combat. It was unwise of them. He lived through B-52 raids. You could hear Young yelling and shouting and cursing them quite a distance away. It took five other veterans to stop him from attacking the police with his hands. You have never seen a man in such a long fury. When he spoke, Young told us: "The Vietnamese were in the liberated zones, the Americans were the prisoners there."

Then Alfonso Riate, another POW who was a Marine, sang a Vietnamese song called "American People Fight On With Your Music and Songs." Riate had a sweet, haunting voice. When he sang in Vietnamese he sounded like one of them. Everyone felt more hopeful listening to him and it did not matter at all that none of us could understand the words. ●

Bringing it all back home

By Harper Barnes

In the uncompromising bake of the southern Illinois sun, the cannabis resin is rising in Kenneth M. Kays' marijuana patch a few miles from Fairfield. But Kenny Kays no longer limps through the field, cutting the plants with a scythe, leaning for support at every swipe on his good leg, the one he didn't lose in Vietnam.

Kays, Fairfield's most decorated war hero, who glared hatred at Richard M. Nixon last October as the President slipped the Medal of Honor over Kays' long hair and around his neck, has been sent to a state mental hospital.

Neither his father, who operated a greenhouse in this prosperous farming community of about 6,000, nor anybody else here seemed to know quite what to do about Kenny Kays. Three and one-half years ago he came back from Vietnam, moved into a trailer in his father's backyard and began playing havoc with Fairfield's insular mores. He let his dark blond hair and beard grow full, smoked marijuana openly and, one local official told me, "was hanging around with 14-year-old girls."

For the longest time people just looked the other way, figuring "the boy would get over it." After all, nobody else in the history of Fairfield had ever had his leg blown off above the knee in combat and then proceeded to wrap a tourniquet around his thigh and continue to crawl through heavy fire, dragging wounded soldiers back to safety, shielding them with his body.

When war hero Kenny Kays came back from Vietnam, he moved into a trailer, smoked marijuana and then they took him away

But, in early April of this year, Sheriff Thomas Cannon Jr. moved in and arrested Kays in his father's greenhouse, where Kenny was growing marijuana. When the sheriff walked in, Kays lit a joint.

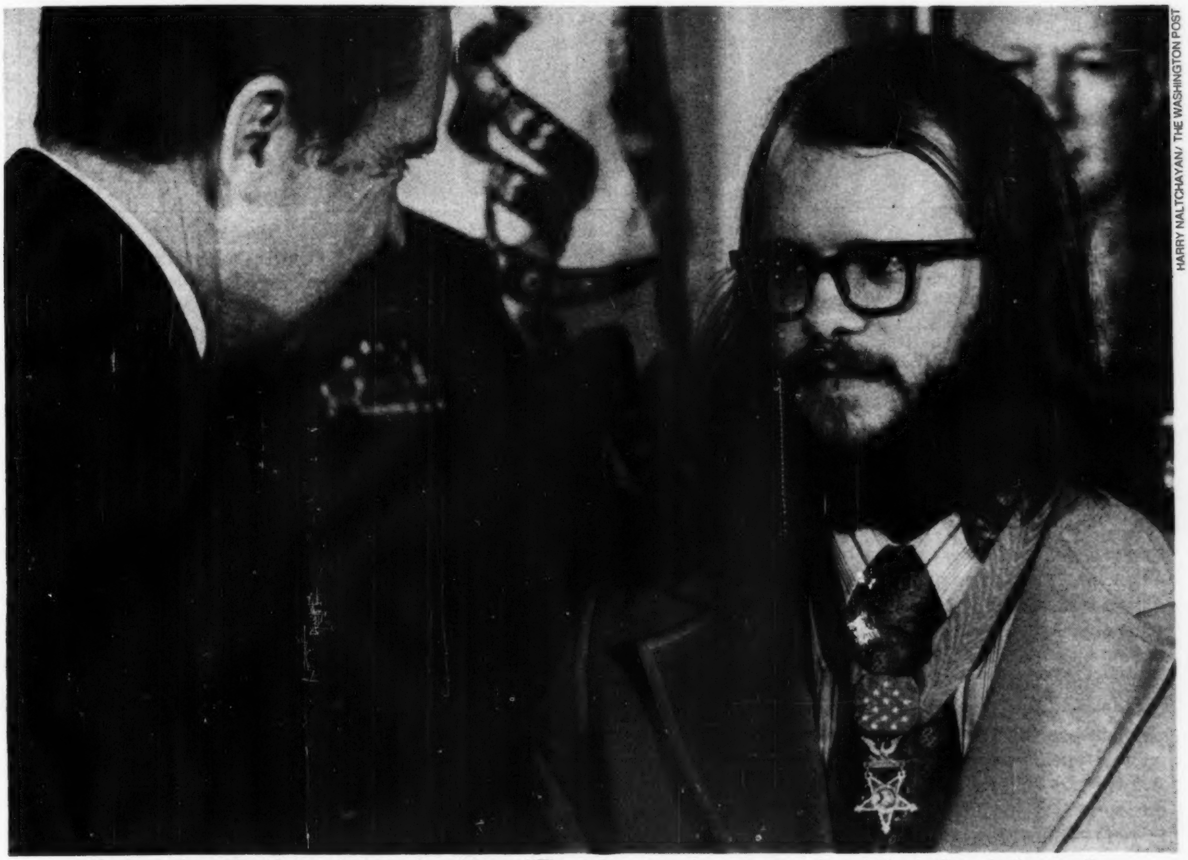
"I was just growing it for my own use," Kays told the sheriff. "What business is it of anybody else?"

When he spoke, which was seldom, Kays would say that he was a student of Taoism and that marijuana was part of his search for inner truth and peace. There was a trial, and Kays told the judge he was going to keep on growing pot, keep on fighting for his freedom. He was put on probation.

Kays was true to his word, and a few weeks later he was picked up again in the greenhouse with a couple of dozen plants that were coming along quite nicely. So he moved the operation to a field his father owned.

On Memorial Day, still out on bond for the second marijuana charge, Kays borrowed his father's car and screamed through town at 60 miles an hour, blowing his horn and running red lights and stop signs. He drove right by the Wayne County Courthouse, where the usual veterans' hoopla was going on. When he was picked up later by the sheriff, he said, "I wanted to wake the dead."

About a week later, at 6:30 on the morning Kays was supposed to be in court



HARRY NALTCHAYAN/ THE WASHINGTON POST

Kays receiving the Medal of Honor from Nixon: "The only reason I went was so I could look Nixon in the eye."

for reckless driving charges, shouts were heard coming from the trailer, and Kays' father found his son screaming uncontrollably and incoherently. By the time the sheriff's deputies had arrived, Kays had begun to calm down, and he sat quietly in a patrol car outside the county courthouse. Inside, Kays' father signed a petition sending him to the mental hospital for observation, after which he was committed.

John Kays would not talk about his son. When reporters called, he hung up the phone. He told State's Attorney Robert Hawkins, "Kenny doesn't need any more stories, he doesn't need any more glorification or sympathy."

I had read several earlier Associated Press dispatches on Kays and drove down to Fairfield to see him on—as it turned out—the afternoon before he was institutionalized. I banged on the door of the trailer for about five minutes. Finally, Kenny Kays opened it about a third of the way and stared out, his eyes fixed in deep furrows. He was wearing Levis and was bare-chested, his hair held at the forehead with a bandana. He was stocky and very muscular in the arms and chest, burned deep reddish-brown from working in the field.

I asked if he would talk about the problems of Vietnam veterans. He pursed his lips and shook his head almost imperceptably, like a man with his neck in a brace.

I asked again, saying I understood from other ex-GIs that the Veteran's Administration had done little to help him, had even delayed for a long time in fitting him with an artificial leg. He leaned against the door jamb for support and kept shaking his head. Finally, he slowly but firmly pulled the metal door shut in my face, saying, "I've talked all I'm going to talk, I've done all I'm going to do."

Kenny Kays is 24 years old. In high school, as later, he was a loner, a quiet, indrawn boy. He worked out every day, lifting weights and building his body.

"He was very conscious of his body, of staying in shape," said a man who had known him in high school. "I figure the loss of a leg was more than he could bear."

But there is more to it than that. Kays hated the war. When his induction notice came, he fled to Canada. Two months later, he came back and turned himself into the draft board. He would serve, he told them, but he would not fight. If they tried to put a gun in his hand, he would run away again.

So the Army made him a medic.

After returning from Vietnam, Kays became increasingly more bitter and withdrawn, acquaintances said. The drug busts only turned him further into himself, and not in the liberating, mystical way he had intended. Kays had no close friends and he refused to talk to virtually all outsiders, including his court-appointed lawyer.

The only person who really got through to him toward the end was Dennis Montgomery, a young southern Illinois correspondent for the Associated Press who spent a month winning his confidence.

The things Kays told Montgomery were mostly vague Eastern epigrams about karma and peace, coupled with distinctly Western assertions of individual freedom. But one thing stands out.

When asked why he persisted in growing pot when he knew the law was watching him, knew he might go to prison, he answered with the standard reply of Vietnam combat soldiers, full of bravado and a kind of desperate and battle-weary clarity, when faced with a court martial for some off-duty peccadillo:

"What are they going to do? Send me to Vietnam?" ●

MOVIES

At long last, a Jew among Jews

By Frank Rich

If you stop and think about it—and I find it hard not to from time to time—the record of the American film industry when it comes to depicting modern Jewish life on screen is so abysmal that you'd think there had been a pogrom in Hollywood around 1930. What movies there have been on the subject have usually been serious tracts about Jews confronting prejudice or, in recent years, inane attempts to adapt some notable literary properties (Roth's *Goodbye, Columbus* and *Portnoy's Complaint,* Moss Hart's *Act One*) into show-biz commodities, attempts that have resulted in tawdry garblings of the writers' original intent and lousy pictures besides. While some of our better comic directors—Paul Mazursky, Mike Nichols (especially in collaboration with screenwriters Buck Henry and Jules Feiffer), Carl Reiner, Mel Brooks and Elaine May—have created valid Jewish characters, they have never expressly zeroed in on Jewish life per se and have sometimes cloaked seemingly Jewish people (e.g., *The Graduate*'s Benjamin) in Waspy trappings. The idea of making a movie about Jews—Jews alone, unsentimentalized and uncaricatured, away from their run-ins with the gentile majority (that is, "Jew against Jew," as Mel Brooks once put it in a comedy routine)—seems so obvious that it's hard to understand why no one has ever done it right before. Now two Canadians, director Ted Kotcheff (*Outback*) and screenwriter-novelist Mordecai Richler, have gone and done just that. **The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz**, their new film adapted from Richler's 1959 novel, is easily the best I've ever seen about that crazy human posture which defines being Jewish in North America—being a parvenu in a land where (as one character puts it) "the white man has all the guns."

I should point out that Kotcheff and Richler pull off this feat even though (and perhaps because) their movie unfolds in a specific environment (Montreal's St. Urbain Street ghetto in the late 1940s) that, for U.S. audiences, lacks the instant recognition factors that have accrued to places like the Lower East Side, Brooklyn and Mamaroneck. They have even succeeded in spite of a sloppy and trying final half hour in which they fall back on some mawkish dramatic contrivances and rather tired moral lessons. It's true, I'm afraid, that *Duddy Kravitz* cannot justifiably be called a great movie, and yet it is often so wise, so observant and so funny that once you're out of the theater, you may be inclined (as I am) to forget the strategical errors that fray its edges and instead look back with genuine affection at its head-on approach to its social milieu.

Duddy (Richard Dreyfuss) meets Farber (Joe Silver) on his road to becoming a "somebody" in Kotcheff's *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz.*

Although the picture never loses sight of the myriad of personalities who surround the title character, Richler is mostly concerned with Duddy (Richard Dreyfuss), a street-wise high-school grad who longs to escape from the multi-family frame houses, back-porch bickering matches, smoked beef sandwiches and lower middle-class economic exigencies that comprise his home ghetto. Unlike his brother, a serious student who takes up with a tennis-playing gentile crowd so that he might become assimilated, Duddy desires only to be a "somebody," a Jewish somebody, a station in life that requires not only the making of large amounts of money but also (as Duddy's ancient grandfather reminds him) the investment of that money in land. Land that is preferably as far away as possible from that urban nexus of merchants, kibitzers and mean streets as one can possibly get.

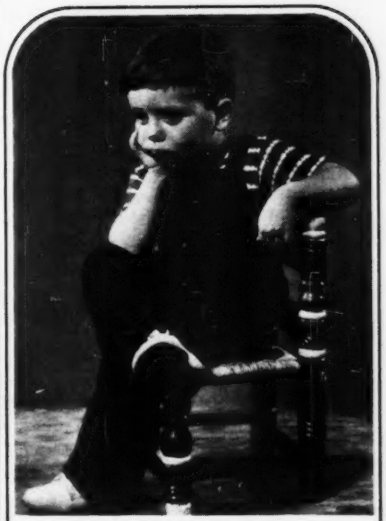
Since, as Duddy points out, "somebody already invented Kleenex," he must find other means for purchasing that Quebec lakefront real estate where he longs to build a resort called "Kravitzville," and Richler's story is pretty much an account of Duddy's efforts to turn the requisite amount of bucks. In the course of his apprenticeship, the hero gets involved in an eclectic variety of commercial endeavors; he sells female undergarments by mail, drives the cab of his widower father (Jack Warden), serves as a waiter in a Borsht-Belt-like summer resort in the Laurentian Mountains, becomes an "indie" filmmaker who records bar mitzvahs and weddings in color for the *nouveau riche* and carries on a romance with an older, gentile girl who serves as a front for the land deals by which he collects property that is not for sale to Jews.

Throughout Duddy's exploits and travails we struggle to figure out exactly who this boy is, even as he struggles to define himself. Duddy's friends and family, of course, have their own ideas: to his father he's someone who "thrives on adversity, like Gorky or Eddie Cantor"; to his aloof, ritzy uncle (Joseph Wiseman) he's "a born pusher, a Jewboy on the make"; to a snotty Jewish contemporary who's going to McGill med school, he's the kind of "little money-grubber [who] causes anti-Semitism." Duddy is, I guess, all of these things, and still he is so much more. Richler's writing and Dreyfuss' acting transcend the sociological cliches of the character to give us a frantic, nervous, warm, loving, cynical, world-weary-before-his-time operator. If Duddy (who's always sweating through shirts and scratching his flabby body) is a striver with a willingness to fudge on principles, he also has an ability to recognize phonies and mend family squabbles. It is this capacity for surprising us throughout the picture that makes Dreyfuss' performance so brilliant, even as I question the ultimate breadth of his range as an actor (the distance from Curt of *American Graffiti* to Duddy is not all that great). His Duddy can stand in abject awe of a fast and useful Jewish princess or a big-time gangster like Jerry ('the boy wonder") Dingleman (a legend around Moe's Cigar and Soda Shop because he started with "streetcar transfers at three cents apiece" and ended up owning a stable of horses in Baltimore) and can then turn on them suddenly with a passion that resembles physical revulsion. When his strong-willed girlfriend, Yvette (Micheline Lanctôt), first shows Duddy that lake he soon decides to buy, Dreyfuss, if only for a moment, drops the glib verbal gestures that are his character's defense against the world and, approaching tears, reveals himself as being as dumbstruck as only a child of the fast city can be when first confronted by a glorious nature that had only existed for him previously in his grandfather's Old World memories.

Duddy also has a cackling laugh, a giggle that can be snide at times, which he turns on in moments of great tension and uses to swallow the indignities that other people or fate inflict upon him. He has a lot of *tsoris* to deal with as he moves onward and upward, and that half-strangled, frenetic laugh soon becomes an emblem of his at once self-deprecating and self-protective awareness of the absurdity that comes from living within a Jewish joke. That joke attains new, and frequently hilarious, dimensions in *Duddy Kravitz*, especially as a result of Duddy's dealings with Farber (Joe Silver), a cigar-chomping scrap merchant who likes to flash his new money around with the abandon that marks a man who fought his way up to the Cadillac-charmed heights and now wants to lord it over the schnooks who lacked his triumphant share of chutzpah.

Duddy's first contact with Farber occurs when he waits on his table at that kosher summer resort, a watering hole for canasta-players and Jewish semi-athletes, where the guests reserve most of their energy for stuffing themselves silly at meals (after, of course, having checked their silverware for the slightest evidence of an unsanitary kitchen). Farber takes out a $100 bill, rips it down the middle and gives his waiter one half, promising the rest at the season's end in exchange for "snappy service." Duddy delivers and later, back in Montreal, Farber, who senses a natural kinship with the boy, becomes the first member of the community to sink some dough into "Dudley Kane Enterprises," the outfit Duddy and Yvette set up to effect their vanity film productions.

For a director, Duddy chooses Friar (Denholm Elliott), a broken-down English filmmaker whom he recruits at a night-school lecture on "Italian Neo-Realism—What Next?" Friar is a lecherous drunk—a self-confessed symbolist best known for a documentary on oil that had once won a "prestigious" award in Venezuela—and he insists on "an absolutely free hand" at making the picture, though his knowledge of Judaism does not extend much beyond his fixation on the rite of circumcision. In the movie's funniest scene—indeed the wildest comic set piece to turn up in a film since Mel Brooks staged his "Springtime for Hitler" number in *The Producers*—Duddy and Friar unreel their effort, "Happy Bar Mitzvah, Bernie," before an audience that includes all the Farbers plus an entourage of the community's top *machers*. The short film-within-the-film is a mind-boggling montage of shots involving everything from African tribes to goose-stepping Nazis to grotesquely pejorative glimpses of the post-ceremony party's buffet table, all tied together by an unctuous and often nonsensical narration read by Friar. But, true to the tradition of the Jewish joke, the local rabbi saves the scrap magnate's dignity afterwards by proclaiming that what in fact has been a vulgar, if unin-



I just can't seem to get a job...

that's because I am only 9 years old.

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tentional, humiliation is instead "a work of art."

Well after "Dudley Kane" goes into hock, Farber occasionally reappears along Duddy's path, finally taking him to a steambath one day to confide his key to making it: "My attitude towards my best customer," Farber says, "is a plague on him. He'd put you in the oven with six million others." This advice, along with the acceleration it induces in Duddy's race to be a somebody, soon and regrettably enough transforms the final section of *Duddy Kravitz* into a melodramatic account of the expedient and shady double crosses by which the hero at last gets what he wants. Although Duddy never quite becomes a Sammy Glick monster, he does manage to hurt a number of people close to him, even to the extent of indirectly causing the physical crippling of a buddy. There's nothing particularly fresh or incisive about this wrap-up to Duddy's saga; "If you think I should be running after something besides money, tell me what it is," he tells an unresponsive relative at one point, a line that is indicative of how far the film goes off- track. While I suspect that non-Jewish viewers may find these theatrics somewhat more fascinating than will audiences who share the ethnic background of the protagonists, it should be clear to anyone that these climactic developments are also accompanied by a severe breakdown in the movie's pace and some slapdash filmmaking by the director. Towards the end, Kotcheff fails to orient us as to the locale of several scenes and tends to wallow in the hard knocks suffered by Duddy's principal victims.

Whatever his inconsistencies at constructing a film, however, Kotcheff's way with actors cannot be denied. Beyond Dreyfuss' stunning work, there's much to enjoy about the performances of the supporting cast. Warden, Wiseman, Lanctôt (though her character is the most vaguely written in the film) and Silver are all splendid, and Elliott, in particular, does a knockout job. Though adrift in self-pity and self-importance, his down-but-not-out director always remains strangely likable and comic (his mispronunciation of "bar mitzvah" alone is a major contribution of some sort to the annals of movie humor); we respect him as a survivor who continues to function against seemingly all odds. Randy Quaid is also on hand, doing his bashful yokel number as well as ever in the role of a sensitive, sickly kid who goes into the pinball business with Duddy in order to make the money he needs to "organize all the epileptics of the world."

Just the same, the true credit for *Duddy Kravitz* belongs to Richler, who has, for some time now, been a major novelist, and who probably will, through this film, gain the kind of wide, popular recognition that *The Last Picture Show* aroused a few years ago for the then unsung Larry McMurtry. Richler is an original in an area that has hardly been neglected in modern fiction; he has his own sassy Canadian perspective (and, in recent years, expatriated-Canadian perspective) on his people, a point of view that is transmitted by his screenplay in unhomogenized and undiluted terms. It's about time that someone gave the movies figures of the Jewish imagination who live and breathe rather than do shtick or hide from literal or figurative Nazis. Richler accomplishes this so effortlessly that the people who see *Duddy Kravitz* may well not stop to appreciate just how significant and worthy that achievement is.

Philip Kaufman (*The Great Northfield, Minnesota Raid*) is a filmmaker of real talent, and he gets just about all the mileage there is to be had out of **The White Dawn**, a movie that didn't exactly quicken my heartbeat—though I would not wish for a second to underestimate its appeal to parents and children of some, if not all, ages. James Houston and Tom Rickman wrote the screenplay, adapting from a novel of Houston's, which itself was based on a believed-to-be-true tale of three New Bedford whalers who came to be marooned in the Arctic of 1896. It's a familiar drama of cultural conflict—the white men pollute a virgin Eskimo society with capitalism, booze and gambling, thereby laying the groundwork for disastrous side effects and violent confrontations—and it's not a story that gains all that much in excitement simply because it's historically legitimate and tastefully executed this time around.

The Eskimos are the true stars of the goings-on, and *The White Dawn* is at its best when it documents, Robert Flaherty-style, the daily activities of their lives (from hunting to fishing to igloo-building), the manifestations of their culture and the ways in which they react to the peculiar habits of their American intruders. Those whalers, in contrast, are dull stock types out of old-fashioned boys' adventure literature and Saturday matinee movies: an impolitic salty old lout (Warren Oates), a noble and ingenuous West Indian black (Louis Gossett) and a sensitive, innocent young "kid" (Timothy Bottoms) who, as sure as the Arctic night is long, falls in love with a young native gal whom he dreams of taking back to New England. In roles such as these, acting is pretty much beside the point; posturing can and does do.

Kaufman wisely decided to shoot the film on location (mainly Baffin Island, 700 miles south of the North Pole) and has a keen concern for authenticity that even extends to the use of subtitles for the Eskimos' language. The director and his scenarists also work hard to uphold the time-honored traditions of the genre, by which I mean the constant reminders of seasonal changes, the appearance of a malevolent witch doctor to portend doom and the inevitable squabbling that divides the three heroes. All that stuff is okay, but I wish someone would explain the rationale for the perfectly drippy Henry Mancini background score which underlines the proceedings; surely they didn't have Muzak back in 1896.

A couple of years back, Mwina Imiri Abubadika, née Sonny Carson, told the story of his triumph over poverty and delinquency and his resultant growth into black awareness in an autobiography titled **The Education of Sonny Carson**. That book has now become the basis for an astonishingly bad movie of the same name, a film so far removed in texture from the real-life story that it's hard to imagine that it will make any narrative, emotional or political sense to those who aren't already familiar with the original text.

I can't think of an effective moment in the entire picture, which is mainly composed of story developments that don't lead naturally from one to another, of vaguely sketched characters whose relationships are never established and of various set pieces that, though meant to evoke sentiment or sadness, look so stagy that the only possible reaction is one of profound tedium. My favorite character, in this sense, is Sonny's girlfriend, played by a lovely model named Joyce Walker. Early on, the hero picks her up on a subway and then takes her on a Circle Line boat ride (a final tableau in that scene features the two young lovers framed against both a sunset and the Statue of Liberty!), at which point she is relegated mainly to crowd scenes until, years later, Sonny comes back from jail and discovers that she's on smack—an addiction here defined by the fact that Walker has been made up to look like Susan Hayward after a bender in *I'll Cry Tomorrow*. Around that time, Sonny also has a teary-eyed reconciliation with his father, which might be moving if we'd seen more than three minutes' worth of Dad up to that point.

Michael Campus (*The Mack*), who directed and coauthored the screenplay with Fred Hudson, has no sense of his New York settings and no sense of drama (on one occasion, he builds up to a major rumble–complete with guns–and then skims by the actual event). He can't even communicate the cruelties of jail effectively. What the director does have is a faith in the evocative powers of slow motion photography and repetitive, stylized flashbacks–devices that, along with everything else he does, effectively reduce the dynamics of an important human experience into the piddling debris of C-movie trash.

BOOKS

The Lionheads, by Josiah Bunting. George Braziller, Inc.

The Green Berets, by Robin Moore. Avon Books

Sand in the Wind, by Robert Roth. The Atlantic Monthly Press

The Barking Deer, by Jonathan Rubin. George Braziller, Inc.

One Very Hot Day, by David Halberstam. Houghton Mifflin Company

Killing Zone, by William Crawford Woods. Harper's Magazine Press

Stringer, by Ward Just. The Atlantic Monthly Press

The pen is still mightier. . .

By Tobias Wolff

"I don't think anyone has yet equalled Michael Herr in capturing the peculiar horrors of the war in Vietnam. Certainly no novelists have. So far all the best writing about the war has been in the New Journalism or autobiography."
Tom Wolfe, *The New Journalism*

I've got an axe to grind, so I might as well come clean straight off. I served in Vietnam, and I have written a novel about Vietnam. It is called *Ugly Rumors* and it will appear in England in January. It will not be published here because American publishers don't think it's a good book. I would like to implicate the CIA, but if they have any objection to my novel I'm afraid it's that they don't think it's a good book either.

It sometimes happens that I forget my New Year's resolution never to tell anybody, ever again, not for anything, that I have written a novel about Vietnam. I'm not ashamed of it, though I suppose I could have used my time more gainfully. The reason for my intention to keep my mouth shut about my book is that when I open it I am usually ignored, or asked, "How long did it take you to write it?" But there is another category of response which deserves an answer, because it comes from people who actually read books. They say: "Maybe this is the one we've all been waiting for." In this, people are saying something that appears to be taken for granted: that the Vietnam War has provoked little fiction of substance.

This could be true for many reasons. Perhaps the first is that the literature of war, like the sonnet form, has developed its own hallowed imagery and language and fund of assumptions. A certain exhaustion is bound to attend any continuing phenomenon, and literary forms are particularly susceptible to exhaustion. Sergeants are crusty and mean-mouthed, but in the end it's for everyone's good. Privates are jumpy about whether they're going to hold up or bolt, and in the end they hold up. Generals come in for a harder time. They are commonly courteous and uncommonly willing to send jumpy privates over the top, usually for no good reason, after which they eat a good meal and go to clean sheets. It is not hard to see how these conventions developed. Generals, for example, do send young men to death; they do eat well and sleep clean while riflemen do not. These truths, because they are freighted with significances beyond the facts themselves, have crystallized into conventions. The conventions would no doubt be different if the generals wrote novels.

I had a difficult time breaking through these encrustations when I came to write my novel, and for a long time I couldn't understand why. Come on, man, I told myself, just describe the people the way they really were, that's all you have to do. So I got down to some hard thinking and I finally figured out that one of the problems I was having was that the soldiers I knew behaved most of the time the way soldiers behave in war novels. For a good part of my tour in Vietnam I had the feeling that I was in a movie; and in a way I was. We were all teethed on *Combat, A Walk in the Sun, The Sands of Iwo Jima, Guadalcanal Diary, Porkchop Hill.* We learned as much from movies and from books about the way soldiers behave as we did from our military training.

This fidelity to the conventions spilled into the most intimate moments. During Tet in 1968 the Vietnamese artillery battalion to which I was then assigned as an adviser was completely surrounded by Viet Cong. Most of our troops were home for the holidays, we were getting shelled a lot and there was no reason to think that the Viet Cong attack, when it came, wouldn't bring the end of us all. Of the three Americans on the team, I knew one well. We had served together in the Special Forces at Fort Bragg. Anyway, we were sitting on the perimeter, sweating out our last moments, when he turned to me. "I know one thing for sure," he said.

"Yeah?" I answered. "What's that?"

"I'm gonna take plenty of those gook bastards with me when I go."

The attack never came, for some reason, so these really weren't his last words. BUT THEY COULD HAVE BEEN! It doesn't leave a writer a lot of room.

Another problem is fixing on an accessible language. It used to be enough for a reader to understand that a battalion is larger than a squad, a cannon larger than a rifle and a colonel more important than a corporal. What are we to do with Strike Forces, SEALS, Popular Forces, Regional Forces, A-Teams, Lurps, RPGs, Bouncing Bettys, Sitreps, HUIAs, DEROS and WP? This is the language that every soldier speaks; these are the names that refer to his weapons, to his units and his enemy's units. More each day, I suppose in hopeful emulation of the other professions, the Army is pushing its language into the shape of something like pure abstraction. "The Army," says Josiah Bunting in his novel *The Lionheads,* "insists on its euphemisms, its circumlocutions, its depersonalization of language." Then this same novelist, and he is a very good novelist, goes on to give us in one page: TWX, COMNAVFORV, airmobile operation, riverine force, MRF and AHC. Understanding these things is the soldier's job, not the reader's. Yet they are so wedded to technology, and technology to the Army, that a writer steps into the tangle at every corner.

Just for fun, let's watch a writer trip over all these obstacles, all at once. It takes a pretty lousy writer, writing at his worst, but I can think of one who always writes at his worst—Robin Moore. Behold a couple of sergeants talking:

"Pickins swiveled on his seat. 'Hey Hillman, I never figured on seeing you in tonight. Now that your replacements are here, and with things so nice down in Saigon—all those girls and bars . . . .'

"'It's our PCOD. We got all our bloodtests and those as needed shots got them. Everyone's ready to go home to his wife or girl friend nice and clean.'

"The master sergeant grinned. 'Of course some of the team stayed in Saigon. They fixed themselves up with an APCOD.' At Pickins' questioning look he explained, 'That's Adjusted Pussy Cut-Off Date.'

"'Yeah,' Hillman added, 'and that young stud of an XO of mine, he's worked himself out an AAPCOD with the doc. Absolutely Adjusted Pussy Cut-Off Date.' "

Har, har.

That's the kind of trouble initials and tough sergeants can get you into. I wouldn't bother with *The Green Berets* except for the fact that it sold heaps of copies. It is, the cover tells us, "A FLAMING BLOCKBUSTER." It is a flaming piece of shit and a national disgrace. We are supposed to know better than to read books like this, books without real people in them, without real questions, without truth. We'll let Moore bury the thing with his own words:

"What the outcome in Vietnam will be is anybody's guess. But whatever happens, Special Forces men will continue to fight Communism and make friends for America in the underdeveloped nations that are the targets of Communist expansion."

Robin Moore has done more than anyone to feed the assumption that there have been no really good novels written about Vietnam. The assumption is false. The Vietnam War has been in one way or another the source of some of the classiest fiction written in the last 10 years, fiction of a variety and intelligence and finish to make our ignorance of it cry out for remedy. This should come as no surprise. I read somewhere, a couple of years ago, that more than 20 percent of our combat troops in Vietnam had attended (not necessarily graduated from) college. Our soldiers, a good many of them, took with them to war the ability to turn what they saw into language.

Robert Roth is an example. His novel *Sand in the Wind* rivals the photographs of David Douglas Duncan (*War Without Heroes*) as a gesture of wonder at the grace of Marines under the gun. Let's forget for a moment about the senselessness of the war. There has always been something special about Marines. Maybe it's because they usually get handed the shitty end of the stick. For whatever reason, Marines are something special and Roth does something special for them in this novel. The book is much too long, and it's flawed by Roth's tendency to define his main characters, Lieutenant Kramer and Private Chalice, by what they think rather than what they do and say. Both are philosophers. Chalice has come to Vietnam because he wants to write a book, Kramer because he wants to get killed. They are neither of them very interesting thinkers, but Roth is better than his theories and they live in spite of their philosophies. Through the endless patrols, with the skin rotting off their feet from immersion, beset with snipers, booby traps, ambushes, surrounded always by strangers because no new day finds the same men left in the platoon, Roth's Marines forge from their fatalism a bond of mutual regard and support that should be the envy of men in safer places. His writing, when he is not trying to say What It All Means, is that of a novelist with a certain footing on his powers, and his powers are considerable. Nowhere have I read a truer, dare I say more poetic, realization than this of what the American presence in their country actually meant to most Vietnamese:

"They could not know that it was impossible for these men to think of a thatch-covered shack as home, to see any difference between one piece of high ground and another, to find meaning and importance in the simple graves of unknown ancestors and remembered parents, to look upon battered pots and straw mats as valuables, or to know that they were unwanted and terrifying strangers."

Jonathan Rubin's novel *The Barking Deer* is an extended fable, suggested by the seminal tale of the quarrel between the eagle and tiger over the gentle little muntjac, the barking deer. Each of them promises it "a snug and cosy home"; each intends to eat it. By the time they leave off quarreling, there is nothing left of the muntjac but "a wet blotch. Nothing else. Just a smear. It was all gone."

Rubin is an exciting writer with a few bad habits. He cultivates a certain eccentricity of style that occasionally arrests the movement of the book; his deliberate simplicity, proper to the narration of fable, often threatens the reader with mere simple-mindedness. But he is quick on his feet, very quick, and he steps out of danger almost every time. In his story the tiger and the eagle are the Viet Cong and the Americans, and the fulcrum of their quarrel is the unanchored commitment of the Montagnards of Buon Yon village. Rubin shows no interest in making us hate anyone; he is preoccupied with innocence, and the fate of innocence in a world gone wacky with everyone's schemes for perfecting everyone else, and the machines we've created to help us in this great work—like the American dive bomber that finally, in the novel's heart-racing last chapters, resolves the quarrel between the eagle and the tiger. Although the novel is firmly placed in Vietnam, vivid with living particulars, it invites us to read out, to think twice before offering other innocent peoples our particular brand of the knowledge of good and evil. Here is Grandmother Pan, the soul of innocence, looking for her husband, Y Bun, whose innocence was unfortunately joined to courage. So far she's found only his leg, and the remainder of him lies scrambled in a high heap of parts:

"She didn't know who or what to

blame: the bad, bad VC or FOREVER SAMANTHA or Sergeant Lovelace's teeth or what. She just sorted slowly, patiently, taking care to start at the top and work her way down, and not to yank from every whichway for fear that all the odds and ends would slither down and bury her. From the top and silently, that's how it went. Grandmother Pan stood cracked to bits, but holding together, and rummaged for the rest of Y Bun."

David Halberstam's talents are apparently uncontainable. On top of all else, he managed to squeeze off one of the best novels of the war, *One Very Hot Day*. I am in a position to know what Halberstam is talking about here, because I served with the advisory team that supplied the subject of his book. He has it absolutely right. The book is not polemic, as some have said; it is literature. It is written with a precision and modesty that throws each character hard before the eyes. They are Captain Beaupre, a veteran of three wars, too fat and too old for this kind of work, too smart to believe in it, ticking off the days left until he can retire; Lieutenant Anderson, young, West Point, a hard charger and true believer, a sincere man; and Lieutenant Thuong, Anderson's counterpart, who has seen too much of the mischief worked by sincere men to want to have anything more to do with them.

Halberstam uses the heat as a presence, as another character. It boils his people down to their hard edges; it steams off sham and bares the enmity they have for each other, so much greater than the enmity they have for the Viet Cong who are patiently waiting to kill them. Again, he has it right. We hated the South Vietnamese government officers, and they us, more than either of us hated the VC. If you wanted hatred, you went to a conference between us and our allies, not to a battle.

Halberstam set himself a tough problem. Beaupre, who really moderates the tone of the book, is a hard man to care about. He puts himself up as the team stud, the "swordsman," but he'd really rather get drunk; and he'd rather do anything than fight. His hatreds are legion–the gooks, the country, "helicopters, spotter dogs which were guaranteed to find VC but were driven insane by the heat and bit Americans instead, water purification people, psywar people, civilians in military clothes, military in civilian clothes, all these things."

Yet, when push comes to shove, Beaupre performs. He does not relax his

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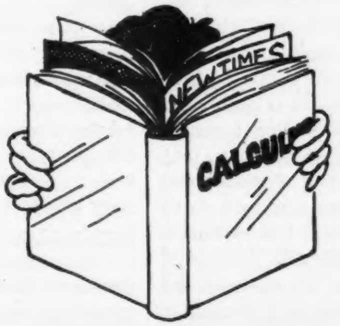

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skepticism, but the will to perform outreaches the skepticism and the space in between becomes matter for admiration. The troops who fought in Vietnam demand respect not because they were without fear, though some were, or because they toted ideals into the field like extra clips of ammunition, though some did; they deserve our respect because they performed beyond the reach of their skepticism.

Killing Zone is the best-written book I have read in a long time. William Crawford Woods drops every word exactly where it belongs and nowhere else. I begin each book with a change purse of forgiveness which I spend on repairs, tarring over the leaks in the roof. I came home from *Killing Zone* with all my money still in my pocket. Here, for example, is a bit of information which supplies an essential situation in the book, but which is not itself of much importance:

"Captain Hillock had died of an attacking heart on the seventh hole of an easy course on a sunny day. . . . A fat-fed heart presenting the final bill; face down in the cool cropped grass; fingers curled around the murdering iron." Woods never skates. All his detail work is rigorously imagined.

The novel does not actually take place in Vietnam, but it could hardly have been written except in the shadow of Vietnam. An infantry training company receives a new commanding officer, an officer with a vision: Lieutenant Track is going to revolutionize small-unit tactics by deferring command decisions to a computer. He is opposed in this by First Sergeant Melton, himself a man of vision and, more than that, a man of wit. Melton's weapon of opposition is his protege, Sergeant Cox, and Cox's weapon is the bayonet. The bayonet is what it all comes down to: "A veil of cosmolene lay under his gaze over the steel, which glimmered softly beneath it, like treasure seen under clear green water."

The antagonism is not between the past and present, between progress and reaction; it is between two different ideas of what the soldier is. For Melton the death of the soldier has meaning only when he himself controls the options: "If you send a man like Cox into battle with a computer on his back to make his choices for him, if you make him believe that his actions can be translated into their most petty terms, then he can never come face to face with his courage or his cowardice. He can never exhaust his will and see what lies beyond." Track is indifferent; this cannot be a matter of consequence. "Good Lord," he says. "Your objection is . . . philosophical."

The issue is resolved during a war game that becomes, through one man's unexpected seriousness and another's unexpected foolishness, something more than a game. The ending belongs to the novel. To give it to you now would be larceny. *Killing Zone* is a beautiful novel and you are imperfectly literate if you have not read it.

Finally we come to *Stringer* by Ward Just. Just's novel is the best of the books actually set in Vietnam, if you are prepared to disallow its last chapter, which is incomprehensible in terms of what has gone before: a piece of surrealism in a novel distinguished for muscular, direct prose and characterization. The book's title character, Stringer, has a peculiar job. He sets up little black boxes along major Communist infiltration routes. Stringer sits up on a hill and tells the bombers where to go, and the boxes tell the bombs where to go. Then the things on the road disappear. Stringer is detached, has built of detachment an ark to ride over the flood of horror which he and the black box, conniving, cause to rain down from heaven. Stringer has a partner, not a buddy, named Price, but through most of the book he is alone, his isolation completed by the memories he nurses of old attachments gone to rot. He has cleared the decks. Is attached to nothing.

One day Stringer and the box blow hell out of a big convoy. He watches the few survivors milling around on the road. It should have been his last job, but Command wants one more run. Stringer goes down again with more boxes, and when he gets back Price has been killed. He clears the site, without burying Price, of course—it would take too much time—and flees into the jungle. And as he flees he scatters behind him, piece by piece, the shreds and tatters of his self-sufficiency. Whether the strange figure who stalks him down is a specter of his discarded humanity or flesh and blood, one of those whom he has been destroying, is beside the point. At this reach, they are one and the same. Attached to nothing, he is at the mercy of everything.

Just has found a working metaphor for the war in the sinister collaboration between Stringer and the black box, between detached professionalism and technology. *Stringer* intersects with *Killing Zone* in that, like Woods' book, it explores the consequences of detachment, visualized in both cases as technology, not only to the people against whom it is adopted but also to the people who adopt it. It makes a victim of everyone. *Stringer* resembles Graham Greene's *The Quiet American*, the best novel ever written about Vietnam, in its rejection of detachment as a strategy for survival. Just makes no moral pronouncement, but the shape of his book makes it for him: detachment is identified ultimately as the most certain threat to survival.

Stringer is superbly written. You feel the steady pulse of compassion behind the narrator's dispassionate eye: "One, two more bombing runs that day; a thousand more until the war expired. Nothing would change. The war simply persisted, as a tree grew. As the war matured, it became cunning and artful; wise with age, it learned to endure and prevail, renewing itself at intervals, growing gnarled and stubborn with the years. Admired for its grandeur and virility, its broadshouldered branches reached from an undying trunk. But nothing changed, except some souls lived and others died. The tree was indifferent to the people."

In the end, the difficulties of writing fiction about Vietnam are no more than the test of a creative mind, and the test has been met again and again, not only by the writers I have touched on here. You should read Victor Kolpacoff's *The Prisoners of Quai Dong* and Tom Mayer's haunting story "The Last Operation" in his collection *The Weary Falcon*. Journalists could not have written these stories for the simple reason that they didn't actually happen. And yet in another way they did happen, and they needed telling: they are, the best of them, stories of the heart's war with the heart's own enemies. I fail to see why, in praising the accomplishments of either journalists or writers of fiction in setting down the truth about Vietnam, it is necessary to play tug o' war with the blue ribbon. There is no competition. It touched us all. Some of us, like Lieutenant Brock in Ronald Glasser's fine book *365 Days*, will never leave the place:

"They walked outside into the warm Japanese night. There was no moon. The Captain pulled out a cigarette and reached into his pocket for his lighter. Even as it sparked into flame, Brock swung around and knocked it out of his hand. Sputtering, it hit the ground and went out. There was an embarrassed silence.

"'It's all right, Lieutenant,' the Captain said, bending to pick it up. 'There's no one out there any more.' "

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The general's last battle

FINAL TRIBUTE

By Franklin Ashley

Lyndon Baines Johnson, back when he was vice-president, once called Ngo Dinh Diem "the Winston Churchill of Asia." Much later, in the fall of 1969, Richard Nixon was to call Nguyen Van Thieu "one of the four or five most capable politicians in the world," and to suggest that the Vietnam War might prove "one of America's finest hours."

Such was, and continues to be, the debased rhetoric that has always accompanied the U.S.'s longest war. When it came to optimism, however, no one has ever had to defer to William Childs Westmoreland, the general who presided over the great U.S. buildup in the mid-'60s. For over four years, "Westy" fed both the electorate and the war planners in Washington the most incredibly sanguine accounts of the progress in South Vietnam. Overlay charts at the ready and briefing pointer extended, Westy would explain how victory was always around the corner, the boys always about to come home, the North Vietnamese always down to their last male of fighting age. Misgivings with the principles of the war or with his own strategies for winning it did not exist. For Westy, all problems could be solved with the same solution—more American blood. The urgent cables flew into Washington like geese in formation—need another 25,000 men, need another 50,000, need another 100,000. Finally, there were half a million Americans in Vietnam, and Westy was still asking for more.

What kind of general was this? The nation may have gotten a clue a few weeks back, when he was defeated in the South Carolina Republican gubernatorial primary. Westmoreland entered the race with a remarkably high "recognition factor" (95 percent) and his boundless energy and Hollywood looks intact. In conservative South Carolina, where his war record was a definite plus, the political pundits assumed Westy would mow down the opposition like a Sherman tank going through a Vietnamese village. No one foresaw the trouncing he finally received. It was left to Westmoreland himself, in a rare flash of candor and insight, to put his finger on the problem. "I was," he said after the results had come in, "an inept candidate."

But why take Westy's word for it? Let's see how the man who gave us Khe Sanh and Tet '68, who gave us the policies of search and destroy and "waste more land," who was supposed to deal with our South Vietnamese allies with sensitivity and understanding, how that man went about winning the hearts and minds of his fellow countrymen.

BLACK STAR

There was, for instance, his very original solution to the inflation problem, first propounded in a town called Union. "I think," he told his audience, "that each man and woman here should plant a victory garden. Just outside in your own backyard you can grow your own fruit and vegetables." The problem with that particular *Whole-Earth-Catalogue* approach was that Union, S.C., is an industrial town and few people in the audience had enough backyard to even plant a flagpole.

Or there was his speech to the Fourth Congressional District. As keynote speaker, Westmoreland began by saying, "Now, I'm awfully glad to be here in Greenville, home of my good friend Charlie Mann. . . . I sure hope he does not have any opposition." What Westmoreland forgot—but what his Republican audience well knew—was that Westmoreland's friend was *James* Mann—and a *Democrat.* A few days later, at a meeting in Aiken, the general warned of the dangers of drug "addition." "It's got to be stopped," he shouted, trying to lift his voice into Baptist decibels. "Drug addition is a serious problem . . . drug addition cannot be ignored." Smirked one hippie in the audience, "You know about that. That's when you add up your stash at the end of the day. Oh, wow, man."

There were times when the general seemed to be suffering from undiagnosed shell shock. At one political gathering he ran across Representative Alex Sanders, a Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor. Seeing that Sanders was writing notes to constituents, Westmoreland thought it only fitting to write a note himself.

"Hi, there," the general wrote. "I'm William Westmoreland."

"Hi there, general. I'm Alex Sanders. I'm writing notes because I can't talk. I have laryngitis."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that," the general wrote back.

"Me, too," scribbled Sanders. "I can't talk, but I still can hear."

"Oh, that's nice to know," answered the general, still in writing.

"You have a good man in Dick Edwards," wrote Sanders, complimenting the general on his campaign manager.

"I like him, but I don't think he would make a good governor," the general scribbled, apparently confusing his manager with his opponent, an oral surgeon named Jim Edwards.

What's-his-name Edwards is now the state's Republican candidate for governor. And Westmoreland? Well, his Army pension of $32,000 (just $3,000 less than he would have made as governor) should see him through his retirement. If not, Westy can always follow his own advice and plant . . . why, yes, of course . . . a Vietnam victory garden! ●

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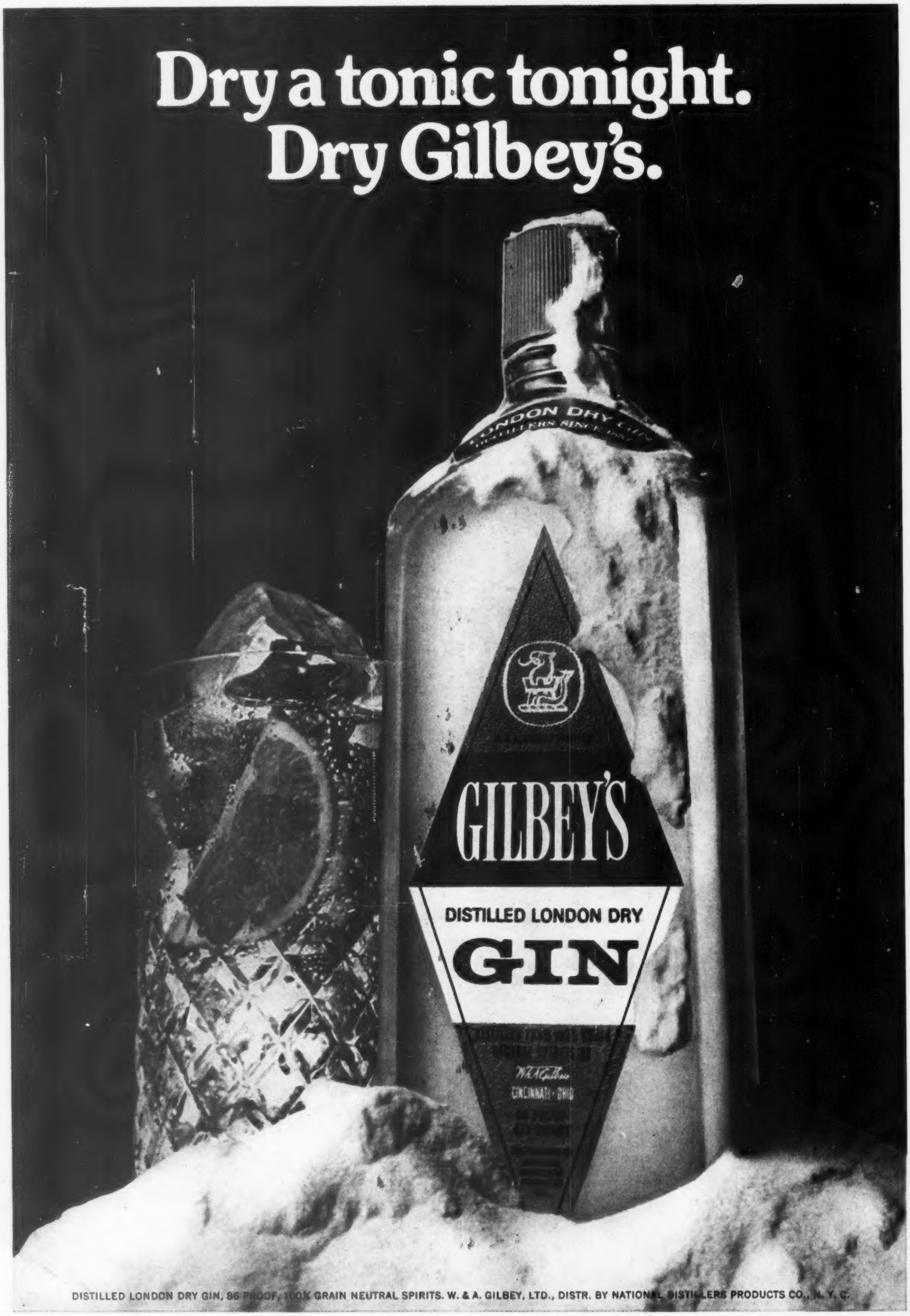
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